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[JAMES HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT, CHANCERY LANE.]

## UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

**NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN**, That the **SECOND EXAMINATION** for the Degree of **BACHELOR OF MEDICINE** will be held on **TUESDAY, the 28th of NOVEMBER**. Candidates for the Degree of **DOCTOR OF MEDICINE** on **MONDAY, the 27th of NOVEMBER**. Candidates for the latter Degree, who have taken a **Degree in Arts** in any one of the Universities of the United Kingdom, will be exempted from the Examination in **Intellectual Philosophy, Logic, and Moral Psychology**. The Certificates required must be transmitted to the Registrar fourteen days before the commencement of the Examination to which they refer.

By order of the Senate,  
R. W. ROTHMAN, Registrar.

Sept. 21, 1842.

**C H E M I S T R Y**.—An extended Course of **CHEMISTRY** and **CHEMICAL PHYSICS** will be commenced by Professor DANIELL and Mr. MILLER, on the 1st of October next, at Ten o'clock in the morning, and continued on each succeeding Friday, Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, to its termination in April; with a short Vacation at Christmas. A **Syllabus** may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, and other particular information. The Course is addressed to **Lovers of the Sciences**, as well as to **Professional Students**. King's College, London, 22nd Sept. 1842.

**KING'S COLLEGE**, London.—**DEPARTMENT OF GENERAL LITERATURE AND SCIENCE**.—The COURSE OF LECTURES for the Matriculated Students will commence on **TUESDAY, the 4th of October** next.

**DIVINITY**.—The Rev. Principal, and the Rev. Ch. Chapman.

**MATHEMATICS**.—Professor the Rev. T. G. Hall, M.A.; Tutor,

the Rev. J. C. Cock, M.A.

**CHINESE**.—Professor Rev. R. W. Browne, M.A.; Tutor,

Rev. J. Brewer, M.A.

**ENGLISH LITERATURE**.—Professor the Rev. F. Maurice, M.A.

The Classes for private instruction in the Hebrew, Oriental, and Modern Foreign Languages, under the direction of Professors

Mr. F. R. Brasser, Bernays, Rosetti, and De Villalobos,

will also be resumed on the same day.

Chambers are provided for such matriculated Students as are desirous of residing in the College; and some of the Professors and Gentlemen connected with the College receive Students into their houses.

Further information may be obtained upon application at the Secretary's Office.

J. LONSDALE, Principal.

Sept. 1842.

There will be no evening Lectures.

**DESCRIPTIVE AND SURGICAL ANATOMY**.—Richard Par-

ridge, F.R.S. *Nino, A.M.*

**PHYSIOLOGY, GENERAL, AND MORBID ANATOMY**.—R. B.

Thomson, F.R.S. *Eleven, A.M.*

**PRACTICAL ANATOMY**, taught in the Dissecting Rooms, by

Mr. J. Simon and Mr. W. Bowman, F.R.S.

**CHEMISTRY**.—F. D. Daniell, and W. A. Miller, M.B.

Three, P.M.

**PHYSICAL MEDICA, AND THERAPEUTICS**.—J. F. Royle,

M.D. F.R.S. Quarter-past Ten, A.M. **Half-past Twelve**, P.M.

**SURGERY**.—William Ferguson, F.R.S. Four, P.M., Tuesday,

Thursday, and Saturday.

**MIDWIFERY, AND DISEASES OF WOMEN, AND CHILDREN**.

Robert Ferguson, M.D., and Arthur Farre, M.D. F.R.S.

Four, P.M., Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

**COMPARATIVE ANATOMY**.—T. Rymer Jones, F.Z.S. Half-

past Eleven, A.M. Tuesday and Saturday.

**SCIENCE COURSES**.

**BOTANY**.—E. Forbes, F.L.S.

**FORENSIC MEDICINE**.—W. A. Guy, M.B.

**CHEMICAL MANIPULATION** is taught in the Laboratory, by

W. Miller, M.B.

**KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL**.

The Hospital is visited daily at Half-past One o'clock.

Clinical Lectures are given every week by the Physicians, Dr.

Bodd and Dr. Todd; and by the Surgeons, Mr. Ferguson and Mr. Partridge. The Physicians' Assistants and Clinical Clerks,

and the Surgeons' Assistants, are selected by examination from the Students of the Hospital.

**RESIDENCE OF STUDENTS**.—A limited number of Students

may be accommodated with rooms in the College; and some of the Professors receive Students into their houses.

Three Scholarships are founded in the College. Each

Scholarship is of the yearly value of 40*s.* and may be held for three years.

Any further information may be obtained upon application to

the Medical Department; or to the Secretary, at the College.

September, 1842.

J. LONSDALE, Principal.

**KING'S COLLEGE**, London.—**DEPARTMENT OF ENGINEERING, CHEMICAL, MANUFACTURES, AND ARCHITECTURE**.—CLASSES will be RE-OPENED

on **TUESDAY, the 4th of October** next.

**MATHEMATICS**.—Professor the Rev. T. G. Hall, M.A.

**MECHANICS**.—Professor the Rev. H. Moseley, M.A. F.R.S.

**CHEMISTRY**.—Professor Daniell, F.R.S.

**CHEMICAL MANIPULATION**.—W. A. Miller, M.B.

**EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY**.—Professor Wheatstone,

F.R.S.

**GEOLGY**.—Professor Ansted, F.G.S.

**PRINCIPLES, AND PRACTICE, OF ARCHITECTURE**.—Pro-

essor Hooke, F.S.A., and Mr. A. Moseley.

**ENGINEERING, AND ARCHITECTURAL CONSTRUCTIONS**.

—Professor Hooke.

**ARTS OF DESIGN, AND ARCHITECTURAL ENRICHMENT**.

Professor Dyce, M.A. F.R.S.E., Director of the Government

School of Design.

**MINERALOGY**.—E. Cooper.

**GEOMETRICAL DRAWING**.—Mr. T. Bradley.

**LAND SURVEYING, AND LEVELLING**.—Mr. H. J. Castle.

**MAPS**.—Mr. W. H. Hatchier.

Persons may enter at occasional Students for any special

Lectures which they may desire to attend, upon payment of the fees for the same.

Further information may be obtained at the Secretary's Office.

J. LONSDALE, Principal.

September, 1842.

## UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, London.

FACULTY OF ARTS AND LAWS.—Session 1842-43.—The Session will commence on **SATURDAY, 15th October**, when Professor Long, A.M. will deliver an **INTRODUCTORY LECTURE** at Two o'clock precisely.

*Courses.*

**LATIN**.—Professor Long, A.M.

**GERMAN**.—Professor Malden, A.M.

**HEBREW**.—Professor Daniell, A.M.

**ARABIC, PERSIAN, and HINDUSTANI**.—Professor Falconer, A.M.

**CHINESE LANGUAGE, and LITERATURE**.—Professor the Rev. S. Kidder.

**ENGLISH LANGUAGE, and LITERATURE**.—Professor Latham, A.M.

**FRENCH LANGUAGE, and LITERATURE**.—Professor Merlet.

**ITALIAN LANGUAGE, and LITERATURE**.—Professor Pepoli.

**GERMAN LANGUAGE**.—Teacher, Mr. Witlich.

**PHYSICS**.—Professor De Morgan.

**MATHEMATICAL PHILOSOPHY**, and **ASTRONOMY**.—Professor Potter, A.M.

**CIVIL ENGINEERING**.—Professor Vignoles.

**ARCHITECTURE**.—Professor Donaldson.

**DRAWING**.—Teacher, Mr. G. B. Moore.

**PRINTING**.—Professor Webster, F.G.S.

**GEOLGY**.—Professor Wheatstone, F.G.S.

**BOTANY**.—Professor Lindley, Ph. D.

**ZOOLOGY**.—Professor Grant, M.D.

**PHYSICOLOGICAL PHILOSOPHY**, and **LOGIC**.—Professor the Rev.

Dr. Thompson.

**HISTORY, ANCIENT and MODERN**.—Professor Creasy, A.M.

**SCHOOLMASTERS' COURSES**.—Professors Long, Malden,

De Morgan, and Potter.

**ENGLISH LAW**.—Professor Carey, A.M.

**JURISPRUDENCE**.—Professor Graves, A.M.

**CLERICAL COURSES**.

*Faculties Scholarships.*

A **Fifteenth Scholarship** of 50*s.* per annum, tenable for four years, will be awarded to the best student in Classics among the Students of the College under the age of 20 years.

The examination will take place in the second week in October. A **Similar Scholarship** for proficiency in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy will be awarded in 1844, and in subsequent years, alternately, for proficiency in Classics and in Mathematics.

The Session of the Faculty of Medicine commences on the 1st of October; the Junior School opens on the 26th of September.

Prospects and further particulars may be obtained at the Office of the College.—Sept. 1842.

R. G. LATHAM, A.M. Dean of the Faculty.

CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

**MANCHESTER NEW COLLEGE**, IN CONNEXION WITH THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

The SESSION of 1842-43 will commence on the 3rd of October, being the first Monday in the month. The entrance examination of students who intend to pass through the full Under Graduate Course, will take place on Friday, the 29th September.

The **LITERARY and SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT**.—Lectures will be delivered, in the coming Session, on the following subjects:—

I. **GREEK and LATIN LANGUAGES; GRAMMATICAL STRUCTURE of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE, and COMPOSITION of ENGLISH**.—By F. W. Newman, Esq. formerly Fellow of Magdalene College, Oxford.

II. **PURE and APPLIED MATHEMATICS**.—By R. Finlay, Esq. B.A. Trinity College, Dublin.

III. **ANCIENT and MODERN HISTORY**.—By the Rev. John Kenrick, M.A.

IV. **MENTAL and MORAL PHILOSOPHY and LOGIC**.—By Professor the Rev. F. Maurice, M.A.

V. **PHYSICAL SCIENCE and NATURAL HISTORY**.—By Montague L. Phillips, Esq.

VI. **CIVIL ENGINEERING**.—By Edward Sang, Esq. in conjunction with the Professors of Mathematics and Physics.

VII. **FRANC LANGUAGE and LITERATURE**.—By F. E. Verner, Esq.

VIII. **GERMAN LANGUAGE and LITERATURE**.—By Dr. Bernstein.

The fee for the entire Course is 2*s.* (exclusive of French, German, and Civil Engineering). Students who intend to attend separate Classes, will be asked to pay to the Secretary the fees for each Class at the College, or from the Secretaries—

Rev. WILLIAM GASKELL, Dover-street, Chorlton-upon-Medlock; and SAMUEL D. DARBISSHIRE, Esq. Marsden-street, Manchester; or by letter addressed to the Secretaries.

Students desiring information on the means of getting board and lodging, may learn particulars from the Secretaries.

Grosvenor-square, Chorlton-upon-Medlock, September 13th, 1842.

**CROYSBY HALL LITERARY and SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION**, BISHOPSGATE-STREET, WITHIN. The following LECTURES will be delivered during the ensuing Quarter:—

FOUR, on the HISTORICAL PLAYS of SHAKESPEARE, by T. J. Serle, Esq. on Thursday, September 15, 22, 29, and October 6.

THREE, on CHEMISTRY, by Thomas Griffiths, Esq. Lecturer on Chemistry at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, on October 14, 21, and 27.

FOUR, on the ANIMAL CREATION, by T. Rymer Jones, Esq. Professor of Comparative Anatomy in King's College, London, November 3, 19, 24, and December 1.

THREE, on the MUSIC of the CHURCH, by H. J. Gauntlett, Esq. on December 8, 15, and 22.

THREE, on ASTRONOMY, by C. H. Adams, Esq. illustrated with Diagrams, to be delivered at Her Majesty's Theatre, December 29, January 5, and 12.

On Thursday, November 17, the Organ will be opened by Mr. Adams.

The Lectures commence at Half-past Eight in the Evening precisely.

Classes for the Study of French, Elocution, and Singing (on the principles of M. Wilhem), are established.

Sept. 12, 1842.

W. HERRING, Hon. Sec.

**MR. NORTH** will commence his next Course of

LECTURES on MIDWIFERY, and the DISEASES of

WOMEN and CHILDREN, at the MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL

SCHOOL OF MEDICINE, on TUESDAY, October 4, at Ten, A.M.

For further particulars apply to the Secretary, at the Hospital; or to Mr. North, 18, King-street, Portman-square.

September, 1842.

J. LONSDALE, Principal.

## ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.

WINTER SESSION, 1842. To commence October 3.

**MEDICINE**.—By G. Burrows, M.D.

**ANATOMY, PHYSIOLOGY, and PATHOLOGY**.—By E. Stan-

ley, F.R.S.

**PRACTICAL ANATOMY**.—By Mr. Wormald.

**SUPERINTENDENCE of DISSECTIONS**.—By Mr. Wormald.

**SURGERY**.—By William Lawrence, F.R.S.

**CHEMISTRY**.—By Mr. Griffiths.

**MATERIAL MEDICA and THERAPEUTICS**.—By G. L. Roupell, M.D., F.R.S.

**MIDWIFERY**, and the **DISEASES of WOMEN and CHILDREN**.—By E. Rigby, M.D.

**SUMMER SESSION, 1843**. To commence May 1.

**FOREIGN MEDICINE**.—By W. Baly, M.D.

**MIDWIFERY, and the DISEASES of WOMEN and CHILDREN**.—By E. Burrows, M.D.

**BOTANY**.—By F. J. Farre, M.D., F.L.S.

**COMPARATIVE ANATOMY**.—By Mr. M'Whinnie.

**PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY and NATURAL PHILOSOPHY**.—By Mr. Griffiths.

**CLINICAL LECTURES on MEDICINE**.—By Dr. Roupell and Dr. Burrows; and on

**SURGERY**.—By Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Stanley.

**DEMONSTRATIONS of MORBID ANATOMY**.—By Mr. Paget.

Particulars of the Classes, and a statement of the arrangement of the school, may be obtained by application to Mr. Burlock, Resident Medical Officer, at the Hospital, or at the Anatomical Museum.

**RESIDENCE of STUDENTS**.—Some of the Lecturers and other Guests are accommodated with the Hospital, receive Students in their houses, and pay their expenses.

Applications for admission to the Hospital, or to the Anatomical Museum, should be directed to Mr. Paget, at the Anatomical Museum.

**TO the GOVERNORS of the ROYAL GEN-**

**ERAL DISPENSARY, BURTON CRESCENT.**

My Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen.—As Candidate for the **ROYAL POLY CLINIC**, MEDICAL and SURGICAL, I have the honour to thank you for your kind attention to my application, and to thank you for your very favourable opinion of my qualifications, which I have been receiving during my canvass for your suffrages. If the numerous testimonies of my qualifications, which I have been able to collect, lay me in the highest rank in the profession, would entitle me to anticipate your preference, I trust that the fulfilment of the many promises of support which I have been favoured with will ensure my election. I hope you will be willing to give me, to the fullest extent, the benevolent purposes of the Institution.

The day of election is fixed for Thursday the 6th of October, between the hours of Ten a.m. and Twelve.

I have the honour to be, my Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

J. K. WALTER,

Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London,

Licentiate of the Apothecaries' Company,

Sept. 23, 1842.

\* \* \* Those Governors who may be absent from town will be greatly oblige by sending their Proxies addressed as above.

**CONCHOLOGY**.—LOVELL REEVE respectfully

invites the attention of Conchologists to his magnificent

Stock of SHELLS, now on sale at very reduced prices, in consequence of the numerous arrivals of specimens from foreign parts.

No. 8, King William-street, Strand.—N.B. Gentlemen residing in the country may have collections forwarded on application.

Catalogued and priced.

**CLERGYMAN, SCHOOLMASTERS, or others** properly qualified, may, through the assistance of the Advertiser, obtain one or other of the undermentioned Degrees of the Royal University, viz. Ph. D., A.M., L.L.D., D. C., M. A., &c. Application to be made, including a Penny stamp, and stating qualifications in full, to M. D. Messrs. Nock's, Booksellers, 15, Totten-court-road, New.

**BEXLEY HOUSE, GREENWICH**,—PRE-  
PARATORY SCHOOL for YOUNG GENTLEMEN from

Three to Twelve years of age, established upwards of thirty years, conducted by Miss Alexander. Terms, 20 Guineas per annum.

**EDUCATION**.—Parents desirous of Educating

their JUNIOR BOYS at an Establishment of the first class, preparatory to the King's College, and public schools generally, may obtain the Terms of Mr. Cradock, Bookseller, 6, Paternoster-row, who will kindly answer any inquiries.

**EDUCATION at ISLINGTON**.—A few young

ladies can be received as BOARDERS at an establishment

in the above neighbourhood. The situation is highly salubrious,

and distant about three miles from the metropolis. A limited number only being taken, the pupils will in the prosecution of their studies have the advantage of personal tuition, and the assistance of the most eminent masters of first-rate talent and experience. Diet unlimited. Terms 20 and 22 guineas per annum. References of the first respectability can be given. Prospects forwarded, pre-paid. Application, pre-paid, to Mr. J. G. Lansdowne-place, Lower-road, Islington; or to Mr. C. Curzon-street, Chancery-lane, London.

The Principles and Application of the Steam Navigation, including

Electricity, Galvanism, and other branches of Natural Philosophy, by Prof. G. B. Bachofen, with the use of the Colossal Electrical Machine.—Private instruction in every branch of

Science.

For particulars, as to the hours, &c. apply to Mr. R. J. Long-bottom, Secretary.



LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1842.

## REVIEWS

*Irish Annals* — [Jacobi Grace, *Kilkenniensis, Annales Hiberniae*]. Edited, with a Translation and Notes, by the Rev. Richard Butler, M.R.I.A. Irish Archaeological Society.

Very little is known of the condition of Ireland in the long interval between its first invasion by the Anglo-Normans, and the introduction of the Reformation. Henry II., embarrassed by his disputes with Becket, by the repeated rebellions of his sons, and by the long wars in which he was involved by his continental possessions, never found leisure to complete the conquest which Strongbow had commenced: the "lion-hearted" Richard was too fond of adventures in the East, to bestow any thought upon his western possession; John was too much harassed by his English barons to attend to those of Ireland; and the contest between feudalism and monarchy in the succeeding reign, prevented the sovereign, even if he had been so disposed, from remedying the distractions caused by the neglect of his predecessors. The Anglo-Norman adventurers, who had obtained grants of land in Ireland, were thus virtually left independent; they were perpetually at war with the Irish chieftains, and with each other: "there was no king in Israel, every man did that which was right in his own eyes." Whatever civilization the Anglo-Normans may have brought with them, and whatever amount of social advancement they may have found in the country, disappeared in the midst of anarchy, and literature maintained a lingering existence only within the precincts of the monasteries. Nearly all the materials we possess for the history of Ireland, during four centuries, are the monastic records and the traditional songs of the bards or sennachies, who always formed part of the household of a native chief.

The Annals just published by the Irish Archaeological Society, are ascribed to a Cistercian monk, James Grace, who lived at the beginning of the sixteenth century; but he appears to have translated them into Latin from some Irish records, or rather to have made a dry and meagre abridgment from a collection of Chronicles. Imperfect, however, as these Annals are, they contain much that elucidates the condition of Ireland when the Tudors attempted a thorough reform of its civil and ecclesiastical government, and help to explain how it happened that these efforts failed, and left Ireland for the last three centuries an anomaly to historians, and a perplexity to statesmen.

One of the first points which arrests attention in this work, is the curious evidence which it affords of the existence of an English party in Ireland, previous to the arrival of Strongbow. Under the year 1074 we find the following entry: —

"Dunam, Bishop of Dublin, dies; he was buried in the Church of the Trinity, at the right hand of the altar. Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, at the request of King Goderic, with the consent of the clergy of Dublin, consecrated Patrick, Bishop, having first, like his predecessor, received the oath of obedience to be paid to him and his successors; and sent him to his country with letters to Prince Goderic and Turlough, the chief king of Ireland."

Goderic, or Godfrey Cronan, was the Danish prince of Dublin; and we know from other sources, that soon after the completion of the Norman conquest of England, the Danes settled in Dublin applied to William the Conqueror for aid against the native Irish, promising him liege homage and allegiance in return. The Irish prelates also favoured the pretensions of Henry II., not only on account of the grant made that monarch by Pope Adrian, but also because the

Normans were more willing to recognize the increasing power of ecclesiastical dignitaries than the Saxons or the Irish.

In 1204, little more than thirty years after the landing of Strongbow, we find some of the Anglo-Norman barons engaged in civil war with each other; and one of the most powerful, John de Courcy, Earl of Ulster, in open rebellion against the royal authority. Grace gives the usual legendary account of the fortunes of De Courcy: —

"A battle is fought at Down between John Courcy, first Earl of Ulster, and Hugh Lacy; many fell on either side, Courcy conquered: but on the following day of Good Friday, when, through devotion, he was visiting the sacred places of the church unarmed, with bare feet, and covered only with a shirt, he was treacherously seized by some of his own men, and delivered to Lucy for a sum of money. He brought him to the king, and received as his reward the things which had been his, to wit, the earldoms of Ulster and Connacht. Courcy remained condemned to perpetual imprisonment; the traitors, instead of the promised gold, were hanged by Hugh, and their goods plundered. This John Courcy had rebelled against the king, and had refused to obey his orders, and had also upbraided him with the murder of Arthur, the lawful heir. When he had endured for a long time the most squalid life of a prison, he was at length set at liberty by King John, being chosen as champion against a certain man of gigantic stature, whom the King of France had appointed the defender of his right to a certain castle; when the Frenchman, afraid of his great strength, had refused the combat, in the presence of both kings he gave noble proof of his vigour, having cut through a helmet at one stroke. Wherefore by both he was gifted with large presents, and was restored by John to the earldom of Ulster; but having endeavoured fifteen times, always with great danger and contrary winds, to return to Ireland, and having sojourned some time with the monks at Chester, he returned to France, and there ended his life."

The improbabilities of this legend are very great; the earldom of Ulster was never restored to De Courcy, but was retained by Hugh de Lacy: it is not easy to find a period in John's reign, when he and the King of France could have met on such amicable terms, as to witness a combat of chivalry; and the Chronicles of the Isle of Man record, that De Courcy, attempting to recover his territories with an auxiliary force, was totally routed by Hugh de Lacy near the Bay of Strangford. The tradition in the De Courcy family is, that their ancestor performed some great military service to King John, and that in exchange for his earldom, which could not be resumed from the Lacy's, he obtained the privilege of wearing his hat in the presence of royalty, for himself and successors, and the grant of as much ground as he could conquer for himself in the South of Ireland. At the instigation, however, of the King of Man, to whom he was related by marriage, he made an effort to recover Ulster, and was so weakened by his defeat, that he could only obtain a very small settlement in Munster, where his descendants have the prescriptive title of barons of Kinsale and Ringroan.

The atrocities in the petty civil wars recorded by the old chroniclers, have neither interest nor variety. The following little incident is characteristic of the ferocity of the age: —

"On the Feast of St. Laurence (August 10), four Irish kings rose against the English, who were punished by William de Burgh and Richard Birmingham, Lord of Athenry, with his men, who slew 12,000 of them at the town of Athenry, which was afterwards surrounded with walls from the spoils of the Irish, for whoever took double arms of knights laid out half the price on this work. Here fell Felim O'Conor, King of Connacht, and O'Kelly, with many other captains. John Hussee, butcher of Athenry, by the orders of his lord went from Athenry by night to look for O'Kelly

among the dead, and to bring him back his head; but O'Kelly, who was safe, and with his esquire, advised him not to run the chance of a combat, but to go off with him and to receive a great estate as a reward: his servant approved of this; first then he slew his own servant, then O'Kelly and his servant: he brought back their three heads to his lord; for this deed he was knighted, and gifted with great estates by his lord."

It is to be regretted that Grace passes very lightly over the first foundation of a University in Dublin by Archbishop Bykenor. The institution dwindled away from want of funds, though it appears, from a note of the editor, that England as well as Ireland was interested in its maintenance: —

"In the English parliament of the 1st of Henry VI., the commons petitioned the king, that in consequence of murders, manslaughters, rapes, robberies, and riots, committed by Irishmen coming to Oxford and Cambridge, all Irishmen, except graduates and men benefited in England, or married to English women, should be banished from the universities; and if they staid there, should be imprisoned and treated as rebels."

In 1325 a remarkable case of witchcraft occurred in Ireland: —

"Richard Ledred, Bishop of Ossory, cited Alice Ketil to clear herself of heresy; she was convicted of magic, for it was surely proved that a certain demon incubus (named Robin Artisson) had lain with her, to whom she had offered nine red cocks, at a certain stone bridge at the cross roads; and also at prayer time, between compline and curfew, she swept the streets of Kilkenny with brooms, and, as she swept, brought the dirt to the house of William Outlaw, her son, where she said, in conjurations, 'may all the luck of Kilkenny come to this house.' Many other women are found to have been partakers of this impiety, as Petronilla of Meath, with her daughter Basilia. The bishop imposed a fine upon her, and compelled her to forswear witchcraft; but afterwards, being again convicted of the same crime, she fled with Basilia, nor did she ever appear again after that time. Petronilla of Meath is burned at Kilkenny, and as she was dying she declared that the before-named William deserved death as much as she did, for that for a year and a day he had carried round his naked body the devil's girdle. Upon this he was immediately taken by the order of the bishop, and shut up in prison, where he was detained about two months; there were assigned to him two servants, who had orders to speak to him only once a day, and not to eat or drink with him; at last he was set at liberty by the interest of Arnold Power, Seneschall of Kilkenny. But to the same Arnold he gave a large sum of money to throw the bishop into prison, which was done, and the bishop was kept there three months. Amongst the goods of Alice was found a Host, on which the name of the Devil was inscribed, besides a pix and an ointment therein with which she used to besmear a beam, that is, a coulter, and when it was so besmeared, Alice, with her comrades, mounting upon it, as on a horse, was carried whithersoever she wished through the world, without hurt or hindrance. And because the thing was so stupendous, Alice, on the evidence of Petronilla, was again cited to Dublin; and when she had petitioned that a day should be appointed for clearing herself, and the next day was fixed on, meanwhile she is concealed by her friends, and the wind being fair, she sails to England. William Outlaw is again shut up in prison; at length he was set at liberty, at the entreaty of the lords, but on condition that he should cover a church at Kilkenny with lead, and give something to the poor."

According to Cox, Camden, and Leland, Dame Kettler's invocation was in the following form —

To the house of William, my son,  
Hie all the wealth of Kilkenny town;  
but on the charge of witchcraft she was acquitted; it was on the charge of heresy that she was found guilty, and sentenced to the flames. Grace has omitted to state that when Arnold de la Poer interfered to protect this unhappy woman, he was involved by the bishop in the same accusation; and upon his appealing to the lord deputy, the undaunted prelate extended his charge to that

personage himself. The entire business of administration was suspended until the head of the civil government cleared himself of the accusation brought against him by the violent bishop. Before the trial could take place, De la Poer died in an ecclesiastical prison, and Christian burial was refused to his remains. Finally, when the lord deputy was acquitted, the bishop appealed to Rome, and obtained a papal brief, enjoining king Edward III. to assist his prelates in extirpating heresy. A fierce contest then ensued between the civil and spiritual authorities, in the course of which Dame Keter and her cause were forgotten. The contest between Church and State originating in this witchcraft case, continued for more than a century, and in the end the prelates triumphed over the royal power.

It is curious that neither Grace nor Pembridge, who probably compiled his Chronicle from the same sources, takes any notice of the celebrated Statute of Kilkenny, by which Irishmen were declared aliens in the land of their nativity. It was passed in the lieutenancy of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, and enacted, "that marriage, nurture of infants, or gossiping with the Irish, or submission to the Irish law, should be considered and punished as high treason." Severe penalties were affixed to presenting a mere Irishman to any benefice, or receiving him into a monastery—to entertaining any Irish bard, minstrel, or story-teller; and, as a climax, to allowing an Irish horse to graze on the pastures of an Englishman! But in 1368, two years after the act had passed, we find the contests between the English and Irish assuming the forms of regular warfare :

"In Carberry, after a parley between the English and the Irish, there are taken by the Birminghams and others, Friar Thomas Burley, Prior of Kilminham, Chancellor; John Fitz-Richard, Sheriff of Meath; Sir Robert Tirrel, Baron of Castleknock; with several more. Wherefore James Birmingham, who was held in Trim Castle in handcuffs and fetters, is immediately set at liberty in exchange for the Chancellor, the others are set free in ransom. The Church of S. Mary's of Trim was burned."

Thenceforward the Irish, during the remainder of the century, gradually increased in strength; from Cork to Galway the jurisdiction of the country was gradually narrowed to Carlow; and, in the next century, it became a proverb, that "they who lived west of the Barrow, lived west of the English law."

Here the Chronicle abruptly terminates; though not very interesting in itself, the notes which have been added by the editor render it an important addition to the limited stock of original Irish history.

*Two Years in Spain and Portugal during the Civil War, 1838-40.—[Deux Ans, &c.]* By Baron C. Dembowski, Roland.

*Excursions along the Shores of the Mediterranean.* By Lieut.-Col. E. Napier. 2 vols. Colburn.

The head of a man is only, to a very limited extent, like a bushel, which, being already full of bullets, admits a second charge of small shot; and then may be a third time filled with sand. Few human bushels hold more than one thing at a time; and that is probably the reason why, after all that has been written and debated on Spain, the British public knows so little on the subject. Notwithstanding that the Peninsula was the scene of our national triumphs, and the fulcrum of the lever which, reaching to Moscow, pitched Napoleon from his throne,—notwithstanding the long subsequent struggles of its gallant sons for good government, with which every honest Englishman should deeply sympathize, its interests and its position are as rarely

understood in this country, as if it were only a province of Ireland. To understand a thing, we must begin by caring about it; and Englishmen have many things that come closer to their bosoms. Excepting among the dealers in sherry and Seville oranges, there is but one view of Spain that is at all familiar to the English reader, and that lies on its picturesque side. Placed on the extreme lines of European civilization, and half-oriental in its forms and habits, its groupings lend themselves admirably to the purposes of the poet, the painter, and the romance writer; and, thanks to Lord Byron's verse, and to the overcrowded vulgarity of the home tour of Europe, the wandering English have availed themselves of these resources. On this side, then, the public are susceptible; and those who cannot distinguish between a partisan of Don Carlos and a Christina, may yet be roused by the extravagancies of an Andalusian majo, or fascinated by tales of the black eyes and olive complexions of the women of Cadiz.

We shall not, then, detract from the popularity of either of the works whose titles stand at the head of this article, if we say that they are confined somewhat exclusively to that one side of their subject. From the Baron Dembowski, an Italian, it should seem, with a Polish name, one naturally was led to expect strong sympathies with the Spanish people, manifested in large details of the revolutionary struggle, and in something of a comprehensive view of its causes, progress, and possible results: no such thing. Whether it be that the author has reason for concealing his experiences in this matter, or that he has nothing to conceal, he leaves his readers nearly as much in the dark on these points, as he finds them; and he is, indeed, as superficial as the most fastidious fine-gentleman reader can desire; wandering from subject to subject in his desultory letters as each chances to present itself, and abstaining from general or comprehensive statements. His sketches, however, are rapid, lively, and often striking; and if they abound not in decisive facts, they succeed, to a considerable extent, in conveying the colouring of the country and its population. At the commencement of the volume, we find him on the French frontier, in company with certain Spaniards, apparently Carlists, about to re-enter their country in disguise; and we are thus prepared for a political embroil. But we at once lose sight of his companions; and if he travelled on any mission connected with their proceedings, the fact is kept out of sight. Still the political condition of the country is, of necessity, for ever brought to the surface; and his journey to Madrid gives an early taste of its insecurity. The following graphic picture of the state of affairs occurs early in the volume:—

I write to get rid of my alarm. We pass the night in the most suspicious point of the whole route; for Ariza is just in the line beaten by the Carlist Guerillas, who maintain a communication between Navarre and the insurgent provinces of the lower Aragon. The diligence accordingly is often surprised here; and, very recently,—but for the sang froid of the Italian hostess,—it would have been all over with several travellers. Rendered aware of the arrival of a band of partisans by the cries of a courier whom they murdered in the kitchen, the heroic Catharine had just time to hide her guests in a garret; and all the menaces of the chief could not induce her to betray their hiding-places. I am the more alarmed at the probable visit of these bands, because they are not true Carlists, but assume the flag for the mere purpose of pillage. If Don Carlos triumphed, they would continue equally to rob and murder, in the name of Liberalism. In the meantime, no one dares travel with his real passport—no one answers to his true name. The passengers either wore false beards, or had shaved their whiskers, and had dresses that smelt of concealment a mile off. To avert the threatened

danger, we had but one miserable guard, who, seated on the imperial, passed his time in firing at the crowd. We breakfasted at Frasno, with our eyes fixed on our plates; and not one even ventured to use the word *facciosos* (the factious), but designated them by a simple but expressive 'they,' which every one understood.

Here, too, is a *pendant* for the above picture, with more Rembrandtish colours:—

Alas for Spain! You would have fully comprehended its calamity, could you have joined my supper table in the inn at Aranjuez, and heard the Spaniards, whom chance had assembled around me, relate their misfortunes: it was a *résumé* of the history of Spain for the last four years. There are four of them seated round the table. One, with his head bound up, is the conductor of the diligence, who was surrounded on the 10th of May, at Minaya, by a band of brigands calling themselves Carlists. After killing two of the passengers with unimaginable refinements of cruelty, and made prisoners of the others, they proceeded to burn the poor conductor alive in his own coach, to which they had already set fire, when the arrival of military put them to flight. My second companion, a vetturino, of Albacete, was robbed at the distance of a gunshot from Aranjuez, in open daylight, and this, for the fifth time within six months. The other two were a sergeant of the war of independence, and a captain of light cavalry quartered at Aranjuez. The last had been for eight months a prisoner with the remnant of a division captured by the Carlists.

The details of his officer's captivity are told at length; but the story is too horrible for repetition. We shall now give another tableau, more gay, yet sufficiently striking:—

Here, then, at last I am on my way to Andalucia. Two hundred waggons, laden with provisions for the army of the centre, fifty *galeras* (a sort of public conveyance), and four old carriages with travellers, compose our envoy, which is escorted by fifty *sbirri*, three hundred foot-soldiers, and a squadron of lancers. Among the notabilities of this caravan, are the deputies from Andalucia, who are returning home after the session,—the widow and daughter of the unfortunate General Manzanares, who was slain near Malaga, in the attack of Torrijos, in that city,—the wife of General Palarea, some priests, and several officers ordered to the Philippines. My place is outside the *galera* of one Mauricio, a Valencian, who, for a dura a day, feeds and lodges me on the road. This evening, at supper, I had Mauricio on my right, opposite me another *mayoral* (vetturino), and two *zagales*. Behind them stood, out of respect, the *sbirri*, or guards of the *galera*. On the table, was a coarse loaf, three large pots, one filled with *gaspacho* (soup of bread, oil, vinegar, onion, garlic, pepper, and salt), another contained rice, seasoned with saffron, and the third contained pork and *garbanzos* (a sort of bean, as large as nuts, and as yellow as maize). There was, moreover, the Spanish muleteer's delight,—a magnificent plate of red pepper, grilled on the embers, and swimming with oil—and a bottle with a spout to it, and a glass for those who cannot drink in the Catalan manner; viz, by holding the bottle over the head, and pouring a stream of wine to the corner of the eye, whence it trickles down into the mouth,—a talent which I hope soon to acquire. The forks are of iron, the spoons of wood, and every one uses his own knife. My companions first filled my plate, and then proceeded, with great rapidity, to dip their spoons into the pots. When they had done, they passed the vessels to the *sbirri*, which at last fell to the share of a boy, who returned them as bright and shining as the best Venice glass. This boy was an apprentice to Mauricio, and was called, in irony, the Cuirassier. The name truly formed an odd contrast with the slender clothing of the boy. He had nothing on him but a ragged shirt, and an old pair of breeches, as patched as an Harlequin's jacket.

These extracts afford a good specimen of the general quality of the Baron's descriptive pages. What follows is, perhaps, newer to our readers:

The bull-fights of Portugal are mere child's play, in comparison with those of the Spaniards. Here (in Lisbon), the bull's horns are blunted. They are, indeed, excited, with the cloak and banderillas, as in Spain, but the Portuguese *Toreador* never

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enters on mortal combat with his enemy. The Picador is dressed like a marquis of the old régime, with a cocked hat on his head, and an immense black plume. He carefully presents the crupper only of his steed to the bull's horns, riding prudently about him; and, as soon as the animal breaks out in pursuit, he gallops off, directing the point of his lance backwards, Cossack like, in his flight. The lance, fragile in excess, breaks to pieces on the first touch of the bull; but the animal, *per contra*, can only butt with a muffled horn. The Galician water-carriers in Portugal do the duty of the dogs, being clad for the nonce in ducskin breeches, well stuffed in the seat. These men are of vast muscular force. As long as the Toreador plays with the bull, they remain quiet, under the royal box; but when the animal honours them with a visit, they bravely present themselves in a close rank, and advance their small fork, with blunted points, with which they are armed, and, on that account, rejoice in the appellation of *homens furcados*. When, at length, the Picador and cloak fighters leave the arena, the Galicians fling away their weapon, and march, in a compact mass, upon the bull. The boldest among them, watching the moment when the animal lowers his head for an attack, insinuates himself in the space between the horns, and throws his arms round its neck. Two other men each seize a horn, and, by way of joke, bite its ears, as if they were dogs. One always tries to get on its crupper, though seldom able to maintain his seat. The bull, in the meantime, desists not from its majestic march, carrying his three adversaries along with him. Other Galicians then seize his tail, and pull with all their force, to diminish the fall which awaits their companions—for the animal seldom fails to give them a toss—sometimes to a considerable distance. The dexterity of these brave Galicians consists in letting themselves fall with grace and a *plomb* on the part so effectively protected by their well-padded unmentionables. A failure in this particular is attended by strains of arms or ankles, which are accompanied by a general burst of laughter. The more the poor devil is hurt, the greater is the hilarity, which the injured party receives with a corresponding good humour. Sometimes, the Galicians are replaced by negroes brought from the African colonies. They wear enormous plumes, and are dressed like Indian warriors. They likewise inclose their legs in pasteboard representations of serpents, lions, crocodiles, elephants, (?) and dance about the bull in the same way nearly as the Galicians. This style of bull-fighting is much in use in the colonies from which the Lisbonians have imported it.

Col. Napier's volumes, equally light in their texture, are of a more English character. His Excursions, which began in Spain, extended over the Mediterranean, and contain some amusing passages and descriptions of manners among the Turks. The author is young in literature, and his style, as well as his matter, smacks strongly of the military man: but there, we think, lies the merit of the work. It is rarely, now-a-days, that an author suffers his personal peculiarities to pierce through his text; and to this may be attributed, in some degree, the pernicious want of that raciness, vigour, and freshness, so necessary to continuous narrative. To us, indeed, who smack somewhat of the saltiness of time, it is peculiarly pleasant to become young again, for a few hours, in company with a writer whose spirits are vivacious, and whose style is as confiding and youthful as his years. We have got too deeply into our space, to admit of quotation; but Col. Napier's book is sufficiently within the reach of those who are not too wise for a short and gay flight along the surface of things, and to laugh, shout, flirt, or smoke cigars, with a careless, light-hearted soldier.

*The Bride of Messina: a Tragedy, with Choruses,*  
by Schiller. Translated by A. Lodge, Esq.  
M.A. Bohn.

The 'Bride of Messina,'—almost the last, and in many respects one of the most remarkable, of its author's productions,—has been once before translated into the language of this country;

yet, as Mr. Lodge observes, it is little known beyond the circle of German readers. The present translation should do much to extend that circle, and establish it in our literature,—executed, as it is, with a free and vigorous hand,—by a mind capable of mastering the fulness of the author's thought, and a pen that renders poetically the poetry which the mind receives. After Coleridge's 'Wallenstein,' we think no poem has been translated into our language, from the German, more ably than this; and it, at once, has the merits, and adopts the faults, of Coleridge's translation. Mr. Lodge's aim has been to render not so much the author's *words*, as his meanings, by such words of our own as would best convey them,—not to present, as he expresses it, "a close version of the language, but rather such a transcript of the thoughts as might be animated by a portion of the spirit, and wear a certain air of originality." There can be no doubt that this is the true method, by which alone works of the imagination can be translated. "It must be remembered," says Mr. Lodge, "that translation in verse presents other and greater difficulties than those of mere construction;"—and we may add, that the bare rendering of the words which are the vehicles of thought, by their counterparts in an alien tongue, will almost invariably fail to transfer some portion of the thought intended to be rendered. At the same time, it is obvious that the sort of latitude thus permitted, is liable to great abuse—is dangerous even where the translator is strictly conscientious, and has all the proper reverence for his author. Such freedom can be successfully intrusted only to one combining power with honesty of purpose. Attributing both to the present translator, we yet read, with considerable misgiving, such passages, from his preface, as the following:—"He has sometimes amplified, more frequently condensed, the original; in one or two passages slightly varied the sense, not from misapprehension of the author, or, least of all, with a view to improvement, but solely from inability to express the precise meaning with more than a bare correctness." The fault, however, to which we principally object,—and which, as we have said, this translator shares with Coleridge,—consists in those deliberate omissions from his author, which present the work in a garbled form; and, where they do it no greater wrong, alter its proportions. Such abridgments are scarcely ever to be justified,—and never by any such reasons as can alone be urged in the case before us. With these drawbacks, we believe that Mr. Lodge has rendered his original well; and, as we have hinted, with a power of poetry which, if it looks pale by the side of such translations as Shelley's and Coleridge's, is yet a gift far less frequent than it should be with those who undertake the business of translation.

'The Bride of Messina' is remarkable, amongst the productions of Schiller, for certain novelties—or rather *antiquities*—there experimentally introduced, by him, into modern dramatic composition; and originally defended in an elaborate preface,—which we should have been glad to see translated, as an Introduction to the present version. The fatalism of old Greek tragedy—that inevitable destiny under whose sentence the actors move, from first to last as in the shadow of a cloud,—is here applied to the incidents of a modern romance; and, with the spirit of the classic drama, is likewise adopted some of its machinery. The ancient Greek chorus is introduced, to mark the morals and sustain the elevated tone; and a vehicle is thus obtained, by the author, for the introduction, amid the graver march of the tragic measure, of those lyric utterances which flow from him in such profusion of tenderness and grace. The whole is intended

to illustrate those views on the ideal character of art, which are enunciated in Schiller's preface; to exemplify how it is the business of the dramatist to "transform the common-place actual world into the old poetical one"—"to dispense with all that is repugnant to poetry," and go "back to the simple, primitive, and genuine motives of action." We need not seek to show how greatly, by views like those maintained by Schiller, in the preface in question, the wide field of dramatic enterprise is narrowed—how, in fact, the whole character of the drama, as understood in modern days, is changed, from an art dealing with "the shows of things," representing life in all its varieties of motive and action, into mere form of high didactic teaching,—because *illusion* is, avowedly, rejected by Schiller, from amongst "the proper aims of the dramatic artist." It is not necessary that we should do so, for another and more satisfactory reason—because, notwithstanding Mr. Lodge's observation, that this play is remarkable, in the literature of Germany, "as the declared illustration of its author's matured opinions on dramatic composition," we think it not unfair to assume, that the doctrines maintained in Schiller's preface, and illustrated in this drama, were afterwards revoked by the author himself,—inasmuch as he made no subsequent use of his new machinery, and attempted no further exemplification of his novel theory. The principles of dramatic composition which presided over 'The Bride of Messina,' were silently waived when, shortly afterwards, he wrote 'William Tell'—a work on whose production the grandeur of his mind's free, untrammelled action exhibited itself in a manner calculated to confirm that misgiving of his former belief, which, it may be presumed, had already led to its abandonment on the latter occasion. It may be inferred, that his later and greater work represented his latest and *more "matured"* views; and, indeed, it need scarcely be doubted that the anomalies in which the poet found he had involved himself, by this combination, in a single scheme, of things heterogeneous, were quite sufficient to produce that virtual recantation which as a dramatist he exhibited, but as a critic might not find it convenient to avow. His theory broke down beneath his own comment on it. His proper workmanship supplied him with the proofs that, while he had admirably appreciated the character and office of the Greek chorus, in its classic setting, he had erred in its application to a drama of modern incident and action,—as much as in the confounding of that faith whose cold spiritualities, in its passionless ideal, it expressed so well, with a faith not merely different, but *opposed* to the first in its spirit and in all its forms.

Thus, in the play before us, the interest is made to turn on the evil destiny which overhangs the royal house of Messina, as the same has been predicted by a Pagan oracle; and, though the dream, so read by the heathen sage, has received an opposite interpretation from a Christian seer, we feel, throughout, that the fortunes of the family are coloured by the darker prophecy, and that we are threaoing the drama with the doomed. From the very opening of this modern play, we are conscious that we are walking in the remorseless shadow of the Greek tragic muse. The action commences with an attempt, on the part of the widowed Princess of Messina, like another Jocasta, to effect a reconciliation between her two sons,—in whose hearts had grown up, "from some mysterious root," a deadly hate, that smouldered there (a portion of the curse upon the family) during the lifetime of their father, but, since his death, had broken into deadly conflict, and involved the country in civil war. The pleading of the mother re-awakens the slumbering affection of the

brothers; and, in the joy of their restored presence, she reveals to them that there is yet another family blessing to be added, in the person of a sister, of whose existence they were ignorant, and whom also she has summoned home. Before this daughter's birth, her royal father had "dreamed a dream"—

It seemed that from his couch,  
With branches intertwined two laurels grew,  
And in the midst a lily all in flames,  
That, catching swift the boughs and knotted stem,  
Burst forth with crackling rage, and o'er the house  
Spread in one mighty sea of fire.

This dream is interpreted to the prince, by an Arab seer, as announcing destruction to his sons and all his race, from the coming birth, if it should prove a daughter; to avert which catastrophe, the father orders the new-born infant to be flung into the sea. But the mother, too, had "dreamed a dream,"—wherein she

Saw  
An infant, fair as of celestial kind,  
That played upon the grass: soon from the wood  
A lion rushed, and from his gory jaws,  
Caresing, in the infant's lap let fall  
His prey, new caught:—then thro' the air down swept  
An eagle, and, with fond caress alike,  
Dropt from his claws a trembling kid—and both  
Cowered at the infant's feet—a gentle pair.

From this vision, a Christian monk, as we have said, deduces the omen that a daughter should be sent "to knit the warring spirits of her sons in bonds of tender love." The mother has the child, accordingly, conveyed away, and reared in secret; and now, on her husband's death, and the restoration of peace between the brothers, sends for her to complete the family union. But events had, in the meantime, been preparing the way for the fulfilment of the dark oracle. Both the brothers had seen, and become enamoured of, the sister, in her seclusion; and the love of the elder had been declared, and was returned. The decree of the gods is wrought out by the very means which the mother had taken to thwart it. The scarce-extinct rivalry between the brothers flamed up anew, as this fresh brand is flung upon it. The elder is slain, in the arms of his mistress, by his unsuccessful rival:—then comes the discovery that Beatrice is his sister; and the unhappy prince has the misery of feeling that he has been goaded, by circumstances, to the perpetration of a needless and fruitless crime. The love for which his brother had died could have nought availed himself, and was no wrong to his murderer. Smitten by remorse—tortured yet by the love which is, now, crime—and jealous of the tears shed by Beatrice for his dead brother—he resolves to remove the curse from his house, by fully working out the decree of the oracle—to sacrifice himself to the avenging gods and his brother's manes—and win for his own memory a portion of the regrets which his sister bestows upon the dead. The passions that have agitated all the drama settle into a grand and imposing calm, as the omen is solved, and the verge of destiny approached. Both oracles become clear; and the consistency of the two is vindicated. But here,—not to insist, generally, on the strange, anomalous and unartistic effect which is produced by the juxtaposition of Paganism and Christianity,—there is what appears to us an especial fault, arising out of the manner of their application, as apparently-conflicting agencies, in the dramatic action. The licence of their combination *at all*,—which Schiller himself admits to be "difficult of excuse,"—is excused only, as the translator rightly observes, on the plea of "that absolute independence of the actual, which our author regards as the primary essential of a work of imagination," and must be "sustained on his principles of the strictly ideal character of art." But there seems this further defect, in the use made of them,—that the triumph is given to the Pagan oracle,—the material triumph certainly,—which is the dramatic triumph; and the truth of the Christian

interpretation is left to be perceived only by those who can rise reflectively to Schiller's more spiritual meaning, and look to that reconciliation beyond the grave, to which the predicted love of this sister finally leads—but leads through the completed temporal desolation which the Heavens foretold.

As with the spirit of the ancient drama, so also with its machinery. The Greek chorus, in Schiller's hands, undergoes, for its adaptation to the business of modern drama, certain modifications, by which its character is entirely changed, and its authority destroyed. In the ancient drama, the chorus is an embodied abstraction, lifted high above the passions of the piece, expiating in an unsullied atmosphere of thought, and furnishing such a running comment on the scene as a spirit might, who looks into the heart of things, but cannot be jostled by their forms. "The chorus," says Schiller, in his preface, "is in itself not an individual, but a general conception; yet it is represented by a palpable body, which appeals to the senses with an imposing grandeur. It forsakes the contracted sphere of the incidents, to dilate itself over the past and future, over distant things and nations and general humanity, in order to deduce the grand results of life, and pronounce the lessons of wisdom. It is this that gives repose to the action. It is by holding asunder the different parts, and stepping between the passions with its composing views, that the chorus restores us to our freedom, which would else be lost in the tempest." But the German has so used this fine instrument as to take from it its judicial attitude and transcendental tone. In a drama whose design it was not to *exhibit* "life," but to "deduce its grand results"—less to present history *in action* than to seize on some hour of its crisis, as a painter would—like him, artistically selecting and arranging the facts which bring the lesson prominently out—the chorus was a characteristic contrivance and appropriate instrument for "pointing the morals," as much as it was a convenient vehicle for the expression of that poetical wealth and those lyric harmonies with which the Greek masters so richly "adorned the tale." The truths of the story were set (as it were) to the fine music of these inspired personages—formally there as consummate accompanists, with song that searched all the depths, and evolved all the mysteries of the doom which in the person of the actors was working out. But when Schiller came to transfer this machinery to the modern drama—which undertakes to reflect the *actual*, and puts on the stage the incidents that arouse passion and build up the event (exhibiting men, too, as agents in their own destiny, rather than the passive subjects of an inexorable fate)—he was met by an obstacle which should have shown him the unfitness of this instrument, in the mere attempt,—as, no doubt, it did in the event. His difficulty was to *place* his chorus in the Drama of Action:—and he has met it thus. Instead of one chorus, he has two; and they are severally composed of the respective followers of the rival princes. So far from "forsaking the contracted sphere of the incidents, to dilate itself over the past, and future, and distant things," Schiller has chained his chorus to the busy passions of the piece, and made its members vulgar actors in its noisiest scenes. His choruses have two sets of truths to enunciate,—or rather, see truth on two different sides, like their masters. By making them parties to the action, he has discredited his oracles; even if he had placed them on higher ground than, in this drama, he has. But with what show of authority come the lessons of wisdom, which he puts into their mouths, here, from men who, besides being professed partisans, are represented as sycophants when the princes are present, grumblers behind

their backs, and brawlers always? It is remarkable how the author should have overlooked the utter incompatibility of their character of high spiritual teachers with their mercenary and subject condition. It is only towards the close of the drama, when the passions have burnt themselves out,—when the death of one prince has extinguished the rivalry at once of masters and servants, and all hearts are solemnized in the immediate presence of the inevitable doom which is sweeping on to its fulfilment,—that the chorus, no longer divided, takes something of a high prophet aspect, and its denouncing "woe! woe!" tolls through the deepening gloom, like the choral lamenting of the old Greek plays.

We have been led to greater length, in these remarks, than we had intended, because of Mr. Lodge's endeavour to make it appear that Schiller had left the principles of dramatic composition, applied by him to the 'Bride of Messina,' as his final critical legacy—the expression of his "matured opinions"; and we have been desirous, at once, to show the practical difficulties in which these views had involved him, and to put prominently forward the fact, in answer to Mr. Lodge, that he appears to have made a virtual surrender of such speculations, in that subsequent composition which may be supposed to represent his *maturest* opinions of all. One specimen, however, we must give of the lyrical freedom and fancy and tenderness which the poet has poured through these choral strains; and it will, at the same time, exhibit the translator in one of the more trying portions of his task, and satisfy our readers of the easy and flowing manner in which he executes it.

*One of the Chorus (Manfred).*

Sound, sound the plaint of woe!

Beautiful Youth!

Outstretched and pale he lies,

Untimely cropp'd in early bloom;

In this glad hour of nuptial joy,

Snatched by relentless doom,

He sleeps—while, echoing to the sky,

Of sorrow bursts the loud despairing cry.

*A second (Cajetan).*

We come, we come, in festal pride,

To greet the beauteous Bride;

Behold! the nuptial gifts, the rich attire;

The banquet waits, the guests are there;

They bid thee to the solemn rite

Of Hymen quick return.

Thou hear'st them not—the sportive lyre,

The frolic dance, shall ne'er invite,

Nor wake thee from thy lowly bed,

For deep the slumber of the dead.

*The whole Chorus.*

No more the echoing horn shall cheer,

Nor bride with tones of sweetness charm his ear;

Or the cold earth he lies,

In death's eternal slumber closed his eyes.

*A third (Cajetan).*

What are the hopes, and fond desires

Of mortals' transitory care?

This day, with harmony of voice and soul,

Ye woke the long-extinguished fires

Of brothers' love—yon flaming orb

With smiles befoled your dear embrace:

At eve, upon the gory sand

Thou liest—a reeking cors!

Stretched by a brother's murderous hand.

Vain projects, treacherous hopes,

Child of the fleeting hour are thine;

Fond man! thou rear'st on dust each bold design.

*Chorus (Berengar).*

To thy mother I will bear

The burden of unutterable woe!

Quick shall yon cypress, blooming fair,

Bend to the axe's murderous blow.

Then twine the mournful bier,

For ne'er with verdant life the tree shall smile

That grew on Death's devoted soil;

Ne'er in the breeze the branches play,

Nor shade the wanderer in the noontide ray;

Twas marked to bear the fruits of doom,

Cursed to the service of the tomb.

*First (Cajetan).*

Woe to the murderer! woe!

That sped exulting in his pride!

Behold! the parched earth drinks the crimson tide;

Down, down it flows unceasingly,

To the dim caverned halls below,

Where throned in kindred gloom the sisters twain,

Of Thems progeny severe,

Brood in their songless silent reign.

Stern ministers of Wrath's decree,

They catch in swarthy cups thy streaming gore,

And pledge with horrid rites for vengeance evermore.

is remarkable for the variety and subtilty of his thought and expression. The close of the poem is a mournful one, the prince having lost his master and himself in the doom which overtook the chorus, of a high and gloomy like that of Mr. Schiller's composition, 'Sina,' as his name is given to him. The actors both speak, it will be seen, despite the pleading on the one side, as under a fate which will not be revoked; and the voice of Don Caesar is like that of a man answering back from a tomb.

*Isabella.* I thought mine eyes should never see thee more: This was my woe of anguish? O, my son, How quickly all a mother's stern resolves Mel into air. 'Twas but the cry of rage That stifled nature's pleading voice; but now What tidings of mysterious import call me From the desolate chambers of my sorrow? Shall I believe it?—is it true?—one day Hobs me of both my sons?

*Chorus.*

Behold! with willing steps and free,  
The son prepares to tread  
The paths of dark eternity.—  
The silent mansions of the dead.  
My prayers are vain; but thou with soft control  
Of all a mother's anguish melt his soul.

*Isab.* I call the curse back, that in the phrenzy of blind despair on thy beloved head I poured. A mother may not curse the child That from her nourishing breast drew life, and gave Sweet recompence of all a mother's pains,— Heaven would not hear the impious vows; they fell With quick rebound, and heavy with my tears, Down from the flaming vault.

Live! live! my son! For I may rather bear to look on thee—

*Don Caesar.* Heedless and vain, my mother, are thy prayers For me and for thyself!—I have no place Among the living;—if thine eyes may brook The murderer's curse, and abhorred, I could not bear The mute reproach of thy eternal sorrow.

*Isab.* Silent or loud, my son, reproach shall never Distrust thy breast—ne'er in those halls shall sound The voice of anguish; gently on my tears My grief shall flow away:—the sport alike Of pitiless Fate, together we will mourn, And yet the deed of blood.

*Don Caesar.* (with a faltering voice, and taking her hand.) Thus it shall be, My mother,—thus with silent, gentle woes Thy grief shall fade; but when one common tomb The murderer and his victim closes round— When o'er our dust one mountainous stone Is rolled—the curse shall cease—thy love no more Unequal blest the woe;—the precious tears Thine eyes of beauty weep, shall sanctify All like our memories. Yet! in death are quenched The fires of rage; and Hatred owns, subdued, The mighty reconciler.—Pity bends An angel form above the funeral urn, With weeping dear embrace. Then to the tomb Stay not my passage:—Oh! forbid me not, Thus with atoning sacrifice to quell The curse of Heaven.

*Isab.* All Christendom is rich In shrines of mercy, where the troubled heart May find repose. I! my a heavy burden Have sinners in Loretto's mansion laid; And Heaven's peculiar blessing breathes around The grave that has redeemed the world. The prayers Of the devout are precious— fraught with store Of grace, they bring forgiveness from the skies, And on the soil by glory murder stained Shall rise the purifying flame.

*Don C.* We pluck The arrow from the wound,—but the torn heart Shall ne'er be healed. Let him who can, drag on A weary life of penance and of pain, To cleanse the spot of everlasting guilt:— I would not live the victim of despair:— No! I most meet with beaming eye the smile Of happy ones, and breathe erect the air Of liberty and joy. While yet alike We shared thy love, then o'er my days of youth Pale Envy cast his withering shade; and now, Thinkst thou my heart could brook the dearer ties That bind thee in thy sorrow to the dead? Death, in his undecaying palace enthroned, To the pure diamond of perfect virtue Sublimes the mortal, and with chastening fire Each gathered stain of frail humanity. Purges and burns away: high as the stars Tower o'er this earthly sphere, he soars above me; And as, by ancient hate dissevered long,

*Second (Berengar).*

Tho' swift of deeds the traces fade From earth, before the enlivening ray, As o'er the brow the transient shade Of thought, the hues of fancy, fit away; Yet in the mystic womb unseen, Of the dark ruling Hours that sway Our mortal lot, whate'er has been With new creative germ defies decay. The blooming field is Time, For Nature's ever-teeming shoot,— And all is seed and all is fruit.

*Nor can we resist the further temptation to exhibit both author and translator in one of these fine tragic scenes in which this play abounds; and we select, for the purpose, one in which the doom has fallen, and all struggle has ceased, save the bereaved mother's ineffectual one to hold back her last son from the grave. The actors both speak, it will be seen, despite the pleading on the one side, as under a fate which will not be revoked; and the voice of Don Caesar is like that of a man answering back from a tomb.*

*Isab.* My sons! why have I called you to Messina To find for each a grave? I brought ye hither To calm your strife to peace. Lo! Fate has turned My hopes to blank despair.

*Don C.* Whate'er was spoke, My mother, is fulfilled! Blame not the end By Heaven ordained. We trod our father's halls With hopes of peace; and, reconciled for ever, Together we shall sleep in death.

*Isab.* My son, Live for thy mother! In the stranger's land, Say, wouldst thou leave me friendless and alone, To cruel scorn a prey—no filial arm To shield my helpless age?

*Don C.* When all the world With heartless taunts pursues thee, to our grave For refuge fly, my mother, and invoke Thy sons' divinity—we shall be Gods! And we will hear thy prayers—and, as the Twins Of Heaven a beaming star of comfort shine To the lost shipman—we will hover near thee With present help, and soothe thy troubled soul!

We shall be glad to meet with Mr. Lodge again, in company with some of the German poets, whom he so well introduces to his countrymen.

*Massaniello: an Historical Romance.* Edited by Horace Smith, Esq. 3 vols. Colburn.

The story of Massaniello (for thus the name should be written, being a Neapolitan abridgment of Tommaso Angelo,) has been rendered so familiar by scenic representation and popular narrative, that few will be at a loss respecting the nature of the work before us. It is, as might be expected, a "Romantic melodrama," in three volumes, full of stir and bustle, of feudal lords, picturesque bandits, monks, priests, fishermen, and "others"; and is interspersed with a full assortment of processions and tumults, meetings of conspirators, assaults and batteries, silver moonlights, and the very best nitrate of strontian conflagrations. The usual conditions of such a combination are pretty well fulfilled on the present occasion; and the work, measured by its proper standard, may pass muster with critics and with readers. Gauged by a higher scale of criticism, the judgment might be less favourable; but in producing thus much, the author, we are inclined to think, has extracted all that was readily attainable from such a subject. The story of the Neapolitan revolution, as given by its enemies,\* is one of unmitigated evil. On the side of the government, extortion, fraud, cruelty, and treachery, (betrayed through the inapprehensive simplicity of contemporaries, with whom such things were deemed but the ordinary and legitimate machinery of civil rule,) and on the side of the people, boundless ignorance, blind fury, and ferocious blood-thirstiness, afford bad materials for the development of characters of sufficient intellectual greatness or moral worth to relieve and dignify a continuous narrative. There is little scope left in these historic distortions for the delicate pencil touches, and nice adjustment of lights and shades, which make the excellence of epic, tragedy, or romance.

The history of the revolution, too, is at once too remote and well known, to afford to any writer of less than the highest genius the materials for a good fiction. Too little is known of the manners and moral costume of the times, to enable the ordinary novelist to plunge into the details of life, and to reproduce general humanity with any fulness, under the local and chronological influences of the story. All that lay beneath the surface, from which an artist could have drawn so readily for his individual characters, is

\* "The first printed account (says Lady Morgan) issued from the government press of Naples, and was copied into a periodical journal of Parma. Bussi Rabutin also threw a ridicule upon an insurrection made by the *canaille*, by some ludicrous incidents he attached to it; and even Tom D'Urfe, to please the Stuarts, got up a tragedy called Massaniello, as a slur on the recent commotions in England."—*Life of Salvator Rosa*, p. 371.

wanting in the historic records; while on the other hand, whatever was upon the surface, is so familiar, as to deprive poetic invention of its most valuable resources:—too much is already done to the hand of the writer, to leave him scope for self-display. On these accounts, we were not prepared to expect from the selection of Massaniello as a subject, a successful specimen of the higher department of fictitious writing; and had the author adopted it with a different estimate of its capabilities, we might safely have predicted a failure.

In the working of his story, the novelist has not fallen into the common error of making his historical data a mere framework for the support of a fictitious interest, and of subordinating the fortunes of a great national crisis to the loves of a pair of not very significant individuals. Massaniello and his enterprise occupy, as they should, the foreground of the picture; and the fictitious adventures are intimately connected with his doings, which are kept steadily before the reader. The fiction, indeed, is little more than an episode; and it is woven into the main scenes of the popular outbreak with sufficient dexterity, to avoid those awkward seams in the narrative, which in such cases very frequently destroy all illusion. Neither has the author, in bringing forward the secondary characters of the historic tale, as the *dramatis personæ* of his fictitious scenes, often exceeded poetic licence in departing too widely from the current of historic truth; but there is one instance in which we think he has gone out of his way, if not absolutely to falsify the record, yet so to distort it by a colouring of his own, as to have become guilty of a positive injustice. What prejudice he may have conceived against Salvator Rosa it were difficult to guess; but he must, it should seem, have been urged by some strong motive, in conferring upon that painter a shade of blackguardism and of criminality, beyond even that conveyed by the representations of his worst contemporary enemies. The name of Salvator Rosa is dear to us as lovers of Art; and humanity has a direct interest in thinking as well as possible of the great Italian satirist,—of him whose writings, by their elevated tone of morality, helped to redeem his age and country from the charge of frivolity. The few traits, however, of Salvator's individuality which are scattered through these volumes, are gratuitously exaggerated, and studiously exhibited in the most odious light of which they are susceptible. On the strength, for example, of the well-known anecdote, that Salvator took his place in a band of maskers to represent, at Rome, during the Carnival, the part of a mountebank, he is made to appear in Naples as an habitual and professed buffoon, whose precise type, we are told, is still to be found in the orators of the *Mole*—the grotesques of every narrative of Italian travellers. That Salvator possessed the true artist's temperament, and in youth may have had his full proportion of wild oats to sow, may be freely admitted; but at the time of the Revolution he was well known as a successful artist, and had his place in the best company of the best salons of Rome. Still less justifiable is the sanguinary character given to his connexion with the *Società della Morte*.

It has pleased the novelist, indeed, to depict the whole revolution in its worst colours, and to overlook much of what was best and most poetical in the life of its hero. It is not, therefore, surprising that he should have adopted into his account of the *Banda di morte* all the stories of their "*Oribili stragi*," their horrible carnage, which could be picked out of one-sided writers, in order to give additional horror to his tale. But as far as Salvator's part is concerned, it is to be remembered, first, that neither Passeri nor

Baldanucci alludes to this event in Salvator's life, a circumstance which could hardly have occurred had he been notoriously branded with any infamous participation in crimes of a dark die: and it is further notable, that on his return to Rome, Salvator resumed his place among the princes and prelates of that city; but it is not to be imagined that his company would have been tolerated in such circles, if to the stigma of revolutionary principles, he had added the stain of cowardly and indiscriminate slaughter. For the rest, this band was engaged in pitched battles with the Spanish and German soldiers; and their "horrible slaughters," if they existed at all, may have occurred in fair fight. At all events, there is no direct and trustworthy evidence of any specific overt act of Salvator's, to justify the representation here made of his character. Had it been otherwise, we should have still owed the author a grudge for his very unpoetical view of a personage so eminently poetical; but our convictions being the reverse, our objection stands on a higher moral ground; and we must with all earnestness protest against the "strange freaks," so liberally, or rather so illiberally, fastened on Salvator, the *Gran pittore delle cose morali*. That Masaniello both poetically and pictorially must have been a subject of considerable curiosity to Salvator, is self-evident; and that the painter sought the Captain General of the people with artistic views, is on probable record. Nay, more, it is quite within the range of his known character, to have felt deeply the cruelty and oppression of a tyrannous government, and to have taken what in these days would be called a Jacobinical view of the events, assisting the rude fisherman possibly with his counsels and experience; but that he was either a raging fanatic, or deliberate murderer of unresisting fellow citizens, is a supposition as ill supported by history, as it is unnecessary to the purposes of the fictitious narrative.

Although not "so set down in the bond" by the publisher, who, availing himself of Horace Smith's literary reputation, has put forward his name as sponsor for the work, these volumes, we believe, are written by the author of 'The Siege of Florence,' noticed in the *Athenæum* (No. 683); and if so, we think that his name ought to have appeared in the title-page, and was entitled to take rank as a noun substantive, and (in the words of the grammarian) to "stand alone."

#### Russia and the Russians in 1812.

(Second Notice.)

Notwithstanding the occasional sneer in which Kohl indulges against the English, it is impossible, even for an Englishman, to read his book, without conviction of the sincerity and general accuracy of the writer: his pictures are not tricked out, academy fashion, for effect, but derive all their force from simplicity and truth. But we shall proceed with our illustrations.

Like all semi-civilized people, the Russians love to have their gingerbread gilt. Thus, at the Kasan church, Kohl observes:—

"Above all, the silver of the *Ikonostases* (the image-wall) fascinates the eyes of men attracted by what is brilliant and intrinsically valuable. The balustrades, doors, and doorways of the *Ikonostases* in the Russian churches consist, in general, of woodwork, carved and gilt; but here posts and transoms are of massive silver. Not only the pillars of the balustrade, which encloses the sacred spot, and the posts of the three doors of the *Ikonostases*, but likewise the arches, twenty feet high, thrown over the altar, and, lastly, the frames surrounding the figures of the saints, are composed of pure silver. All these silver posts and beams are brightly polished, and reflect the brilliance of the thousand tapers that blare before them. I was not able to learn how many hundred weight of silver there may be in this erection; but it is not unlikely that many thousand good French and Ger-

man tablespoons, thousands of dozens of coffee-spoons, hundreds of soup-terrines and tea-pots, were melted down to produce it; for it was the Cossacks, who came back laden with no contemptible booty from the campaigns of 1813 and 1814, who presented these masses of silver to the holy Mother of Kasan, for the purpose to which they are here ap-

plied."

Of the barbaric sumptuousness of other churches, Kohl gives many curious particulars.

"For the decoration of the interior of the Newsky Cathedral, blocks of marble were brought from Italy, precious stones from Siberia, and genuine pearls from Persia; it was embellished moreover with good copies from Guido Reni and Perugino; and the altar-piece, an Annunciation of the Virgin Mary, is by Raphael Mengs, or, as the monk who conducted us said, by Arphæle. In a chapel hang several pictures by 'Robinsa,' that is, in English, not Robinson, but Rubens. 'On Italiantsky—he was an Italian,' added the good father, by way of explanation.—From Robinson to cannibals is not too violent a leap, and, therefore, we were the less alarmed when our guide, pointing to a corner of the church, told us that a cannibal was buried there. We read the inscription: it was the celebrated Russian general, Hannibal. The Russians, having no H, always change that letter into G, and almost into K or C. \* \* In a side chapel stands the monument of Alexander Newsky. It is composed entirely of silver, and, next to the *Ikonostases* of the Kasan church, it is the largest mass of that metal in Petersburg; for it is said to consist of no less a weight than 5000 pounds of pure silver. It is a hill of silver, fifteen feet high, upon which stands a silver *catafalque*; above it are silver angels, of the size of men, with silver trumpets and silver flowers; while a number of silver basso-relievo exhibit representations of the battle of the Neva. \* \* The Newsky convent received a larger share of the presents sent by Persepolis to the Petropoli of the North, when Gribodew, the Russian ambassador, was murdered at Teheran, than had been assigned to it out of the Byzantine tribute. It was a long train of rare animals, with Persian stiffs, cloth of gold, and pearls, that entered Petersburg in the winter season. The pearls and the gold-dust were carried in large silver and gold bowls by magnificently-dressed Persians, and exposed to public view; so likewise were the costly shawls. The Persian prince, Khoesrev Mirza, rode in one of the imperial carriages with six horses, which had been sent to meet him; the elephants bore upon their backs towers manned by Indian warriors, and huge leather boots had been put on their legs to protect them from the snow; the tigers and lions were provided with double skins of northern ice-bears—at least, their cages. 'It was a fairy scene of the Arabian Nights,' was the cry among us, 'and the population of whole provinces had collected to witness the show.'—'It was a bagatelle,' said the people of Petersburg, 'and the pearls were many of them false,' and the affair excited but little sensation. The elephants soon died of cold; and the pearls were partly presented to the *Risnitsi* (treasuries) of the convents. In the Newskoi convent we saw whole paileus of these pearls."

Kohl indulges in some speculations on men, horses, and national characteristics, which may amuse the reader.

"Among all the animals which man has taken into his service, he has not such powerful influence as master and instructor over any as over those which he has put into harness, and which, by means of whip and reins, have daily experience of his displeasure, his anger, his intelligence, his mildness, and his kindness. It is, therefore, perfectly natural, that the character, and, if I may be allowed the expression, the moral faculties, of the different races of horses, in different countries, should be cultivated in very different degrees. But, even to the bodily constitution and the external habit of the horse much seems to be communicated by the different nations; and this certainly appears more mysterious and unaccountable. Look at the long-legged, lean, English horse, swift, but less adroit than he is rapid in a straight course; or at the smaller, silky-haired, punchy, proud Andalusian, puffing forth fire and flames; or at the soft, tame, well-feeding, good-tempered German coach-horse, free from tricks and vice,

but at the same time without fire; and compare them with the nations whose country and whose fortunes they share: the further you pursue the comparison, the more you will be struck by the resemblance between the brute client and the human patron. The Russian horses, so many of which are continually seen together in the horse-market at Petersburg, seem, in their whole manner, action, and behaviour, to be faithful copies of the nation in whose service they have been for so many ages. Like the Russians, their masters, neither very large nor elegant, but agile and adroit in their manners, with long maces, matching the long hair and beards of the former, small-boned, and at the same time having the toughest constitution; lazy in the stable, but most willing and active when in harness; indefatigable in running, and playful and sportive under the severest labour; hardy in the highest degree, and insensible to cold, wind, and heat; enduring hunger and thirst with the greatest patience, and better contented with foul straw than his German brother with gilded oats; still he has no real bottom and energy at work, does not overcome obstacles unless at the first onset, cannot master any weight by cool, deliberate, but determined pulling, and sticks fast in the mud, if the hill is not to be ascended at a gallop."

Petersburg abounds in national monuments: yet, says Kohl, and it is an honourable trait in the character of its despotic sovereigns which deserves to be mentioned—

"On looking at the list of these and other Russian monuments, one is struck on finding among them many more memorials for events and distinguished subjects than for the sovereigns themselves. Unlike the Roman emperors and many other princes, ancient and modern, the Russian monarchs have, in their lifetime, always been averse to the erection of monuments in their own honour, and shown a disposition to keep themselves in the background, and to bring their subjects prominently forward. Almost all the Russian monuments relate exclusively to events, and to the subjects who were active in them, while the only emperor hitherto honoured with statues is Peter the Great."

In further proof of the spirit which animates these autocrats, Kohl mentions that at the Are-

nal, where are exhibited the uniform and all the orders worn by the late Emperor Alexander.—"There are no fewer than sixty of them, and yet the great ribbon of the order of St. George is not among them, because the emperor could never make up his mind to accept it, though it was several times decreed and offered to him by the chapter of the order and by the senate. This order must not be given unless for a signal victory gained, for the deliverance of the empire from great danger, or for the restoration of peace by a series of military operations; and the emperor, who could not ascribe to himself exclusively any one of these qualifications, denied himself the honour, to keep up the respectability of the order and the strict observance of its laws."

Russia is imitative in everything, and she endeavours to have within herself all that is remarkable in other countries. Thus Petersburg has its magnificent libraries, but for show rather than use.

"On entering, visitors have to pass a whole cordon of police soldiers, the attendants on the library, who strip them of cloaks, great-coats, sticks, galoshes, &c. which they return after strictly searching the owners at their departure; and many a one feels so nettled that he comes no more. The commerce with libraries is of as delicate a nature as that of any other kind: such seemingly unessential annoyances often obstruct it as much as duties and other inconveniences obstruct trade. On your first visit you can do no more than look at the different rooms and the outsides of the books, attended by a subaltern officer, who tells you wonderful things about these literary treasures. To get a book to read in the library itself is utterly impossible, though you can point out where it is. You must first write down the title in a large register, and then, if it is not lent and can be found, you are supplied with it on the next library day. But on the days appointed for reading you may a time a knock in vain, because it may happen to be one of the numberless festivals of the Russian church. The

precautions on the delivery of a book that is to be taken home are still greater, and at length this result is attained, that the librarians can sleep quietly, and at the end of the year prove to their superiors that not a book has been stolen or lost, as though libraries were merely institutions for the safe custody of books, and not for introducing them as much as possible among the people. Complete security against dishonesty is impracticable; and therefore it would be better to lose a few books by the dishonest, in order to render service to the honest lovers of the Muses, who certainly constitute the majority. \* \* It happens sometimes that you may wait for weeks in vain for a single book. The first time, the entry of the book has perhaps been overlooked, and you must write down the title again; next time you are told it is not to be found, or the librarian, to whose department it belongs, is not in the way. Sometimes you are yourself prevented from attending on a library day, and then you lose your claim to the wished-for book, which has meanwhile been removed from the table; so that you are obliged to go on a fourth or fifth day to enter it again, and at last on a sixth or seventh to read it. For the rest, the rooms of the library are superb, light, lofty, 200 feet long and 100 wide, the floors inlaid and dry-rubbed, the tables clean and without a single ink-spot, because the ink freezes in winter and dries up in summer. The winding stairs to the upper gallery are elegant, and the steps for reaching the higher shelves ingeniously constructed. 'Cette salle est superbe, magnifique,' said a foreigner, whom the librarian was conducting through the building. 'Oui,' replied the latter, 'elle est six pieds plus haute et douze pieds plus large que la plus grande salle de la bibliothèque de Vienne à Paris —' The speakers turned a corner, and I did not hear the end of this interesting literary dialogue. Yet such is the style of most of the conversations carried on here: people come, praise the magnitude of the rooms, and the apparent order of the books, slide along the smooth floor, look at the bindings, the autograph letters of the French kings in red morocco gilt, the handsome silk and silver covers of the Persian and Turkish manuscripts, stare at the ancient rolls of strange Runic characters, look at the slipper of Pius VII., kept in a small box by itself, and at the Russian alphabet written in an incredibly small space, and take their leave.

These Petersburg libraries have always been remarkably rich in works relating to Mongol, Chinese, and Thibetian literature; but have of late added to their treasures the collection of Baron Schilling.

For the kindness which the Mongol Lamaites showed him in China, the baron has made a brilliant return. He has sent them namely, no fewer than 250,000,000 impressions of their famous prayer: *Omnani bad māchom*. He has had that phrase set up in such a manner as to go 5,000 times upon a large sheet, and presented them with 50,000 copies of that sheet. This was an important service to the Burātēs, Kalkas, &c., because they use an immense quantity of these prayers. As the Catholics with their beads, and the Greeks and Russians with their *Gospodi pomilui*, repeated twelve times in a breath, have taken up a notion that the Almighty regards not the fervour but the number of prayers, so they have hit upon the following extraordinary invention. They wrap a strip of paper on which the prayer above-mentioned is copied a great number of times round a pencil which revolves in a ring of most curious workmanship. By means of a small mechanical contrivance, the pencil with the paper can be turned round 500 times in a minute, and as often as it revolves the thousands of prayers written upon it ascend to heaven, and the effect is the same as if 500,000 tongues had pronounced the prayer once in that minute. The baron had several of these little praying machines. The Lamaites, when conversing together in leisure moments, have them upon their lap, and keep the little omnibadmāchom spinning-wheel incessantly at work. Hence one may conceive what a prodigious mass of effusions of the heart and exercises of devotion the Burātēs were enabled to pay by those 50,000,000 copies, worked by the printing-press, and sent to them by the baron."

Another circumstance mentioned by Kohl, while pondering over the treasures in the Model-

room of the Academy, will probably startle our romance readers.

"With us, Siberia is a name that excites no other feelings than of pain and horror. In Russia one acquires a different notion of it; and the Russians who have been in that country are all so prepossessed in its favour, that, according to their account, it is the land of promise, the El Dorado of Russia. Nature is rich and wonderful; the race of men strong and healthy; society in the towns more intellectual and more polished than any where else in Russia; and whoever has got over the disagreeables incident to the first coming—the knout, a few years' compulsory labour and so forth—finds himself so comfortable, and is so contented, that he has no wish to change his new country for any other. The Miners' Corps contribute much to heighten the good opinion of Siberia, and to diffuse brilliant notions of its nature. Here is to be seen, among other things, a pyramid composed entirely of different precious stones of Siberia, a monument showing at one glance the richness of that country. The large magnificent specimens of malachite, one of which weighs several pood, the superb emeralds, the magnificent beryls, the largest of which, six inches in length, lie on elegant velvet cushions, under bell-glasses, like the crowns of the czars in Moscow, the blue lapis-lazuli and Labrador stones, enchantingly variegated with a golden tinge, the blueish amethysts and chalcedonies, the gigantic loadstones, which carry hundred weights with ease, and grow stronger under the burden, the crystals of copper and gold, as well as the beautiful landscapes among the Mongol Alps which adorn the walls of the Siberian room, tend only to increase the longing after that country."

Others, again, will feel an interest in the following extracts from a description of a lunatic asylum, in which it will be seen that the gentle treatment lately introduced into this country had already been adopted in Petersburg:—

"The behaviour of the attendants is polite and courteous; every fresh patient is received very respectfully, and first taken into the society of the most rational of the lunatics, who have likewise acquired the same tone of politeness. Here he is shown the interesting collections and productions of art; refreshments are brought him; he is invited to a game at billiards or backgammon, or may converse, if he likes it better; he is indulged in every thing as far as possible, and thwarted only in that which might be hurtful to him. Employment, the beauties of nature, pleasant society, and recreation; and, on the other hand, darkness, solitary confinement, and ennui, are the principal engines employed to excite and to encourage, to soothe and to tame. Next day, therefore, the new comer is conducted to the work-rooms of the patients, where they are engaged in carpenters' and pasteboard work, spinning, knitting, sewing, embroidery, &c., and asked whether he likes any of those occupations. If he takes a fancy to one or other of them, pains are taken to teach it him, as it were in play: but if he shows and continues to show an aversion to all kinds of bodily exertion—intellectual employment, reading in the select library of the institution, is allowed to those only who are far advanced towards a cure—he is led out of the work-rooms, lest, as it is observed, the industrious gentlemen there should be disturbed, and taken to a solitary apartment, where sometimes he is attacked ere long by ennui. If he complains of it, he is led back to the work-rooms, and repeatedly invited to join in some of the operations going forward there, with a promise that he shall then join in the pleasant tea-parties also. If he is not susceptible of ennui in the light room, and persists in apathy or begins to be violent, he is shut up in the cushioned room, from which even the most outrageous soon wish to be released, because the very maddest persons feel the need of light in their wildest undertakings, and darkness seems intolerable even to the most frenzied imagination. \* \* \* The Russians, from their sanguine temperament, are most liable to fits of raving madness. The Fins, a thick-blooded and choleric race, are more subject to melancholy and idiocy, which latter occurs very rarely among the Russians. But the Lettes, poetic, good-natured, childlike, and frequently childish people, furnish in general only harmless lunatics. We saw several Russians in

strait waistcoats. At almost every farm-house in Livonia and Courland, you meet with a Lettish lunatic, bedizened with ribbons, flowers, glass beads, and other finery, who fancies himself a general or an emperor, and yet, decorated, with all the insignia of his station upon him, good-naturedly condescends to employ himself in cleaving wood and fetching water.

\* \* \* A particular diary is kept about every patient; also concerning his work, for which a small sum is allowed him, that the insane, seeing the profit accruing to them from labour, may be instigated to greater industry. Most of the men employ themselves with pasteboard work, a trade which is easily learned, and the products of which, as they speedily lead to some results, are not long in affording pleasure and profit. Of the 130 patients in the house, in 1835, fifty were dismissed, half of them cured, and the other half, as incurable, delivered up to their friends, at the desire of the latter; and twenty-four died in the course of the year."

And now farewell. Our present extracts, and our former translations, must have given the reader a good idea of the merits of the writer of 'Russia and the Russians'; and a more faithful, or, on the whole, more able painter of men and manners than J. G. Kohl, he is not likely to meet with in half a century.

*What is a Voltaic Battery?* By Rosina M. Zornlin. Parker.

A great book, says the Greek proverb, is a great evil,—a proposition which we have no desire to dispute; but it is not the less true that little books have in our days successfully competed with their folio predecessors in their powers of annoyance. It is principally in the department of education that these duodecimo evils abound, opening royal roads to all manner of things, for the especial service of children or of the un instructed adult. To speak ill of a class of literature, the want of which had been so grievously felt, may seem disgraceful and ungrateful; yet it may be doubted whether the scholar of other days did not get on better without nursery libraries, than the actual generation does now, amidst the overpowering multitude of ill-conceived and badly-executed works, which operate to distract attention and waste energies. In the absence of works expressly addressed to the ignorant and the childlike, the student was forced upon manly reading; and as far as style, taste, and imagination are concerned, he had a better chance of being raised by such reading to the intellectual level of the educated, than by the shallow superficialities and good-child plausibilities which are now especially provided for his instruction. As far as fact, and more especially scientific fact, was concerned, the preference of absolute ignorance over imperfect and faulty instruction is too obvious to dwell upon. If the didactic works addressed to the mature intellect conveyed but slowly their instruction to minds unprepared for perusing them, that instruction was better calculated to develop the faculties, and form the understanding of youth, than the crude, ill-digested trash, administered at present under the notion of writing down to a limited intelligence. To write successfully for undeveloped intellects, requires a combination of the highest powers of mental analysis, with the closest habits of observation. It is not sufficient to possess knowledge in order to communicate it; still less is it within the competence of a writer for the book-sellers to cut down scientific works *in usum studiose juventutis*. Neither is the mere habit of associating with children a reason why a mother or a schoolmaster shall be equal to the task of providing for their bibliophilic wants: of this, the absence of anything like a facile and intelligible grammar in any of our schools is a sufficient proof.

In the communication of knowledge, whether to the adult or the infant, the progression must be through the known to the unknown; but the great difference between the youthful and the more formed pupil, will be found in the mass of knowledge they bring to the task. In both cases alike, clearness of the ideas to be presented is a prime desideratum; but that being presupposed, the main point to be attained is the adapting the length of each step to the capacity of the student. The tutor, in full possession of his subject, is apt to stride on faster than the

pupil can follow; and link after link is dropped in the association, till the whole becomes painfully confused, and the instruction is to be recommenced from the beginning. The younger, therefore, the supposed reader, the shorter should each separate step be taken, the more minute and clear should be the detail of particulars, and the greater effort made, that one fact or reasoning shall become perfectly clear, before another is ventured on.

The difficulty of entering into the minds of others, and of adapting the march of our own ideas to the intelligence of persons of another class and condition, is much greater than those who have not experienced it, can imagine; we are not, therefore, to be surprised at the presumption or the errors of those who have mistaken good intention for capability.

The usual mode of proceeding in the manufacture of scientific books for children (and the remark applies equally to the Useful Knowledge tract addressed to the people,) seems to be the taking some class book to pieces; the separating general propositions from their proofs, the jumping, as far as possible, over details, and the systematic avoidance of all that is abstruse. Thus is the subject reduced to its most barren generalities, the facts presented in a bald isolation, principles separated from the reasonings on which they depend, much passed over altogether, and much assumed as known and inferred, when it should be stated. The simplicity thus attained is the simplicity of verbal generalization, not a real simplicity arising from the fulness and distinctness of ideas. The steps of demonstration, far from being shorter, are in reality wider, than those of the scientific authority; and the result therefore is a positive increase of difficulty; so that, notwithstanding all that is thrown overboard, notwithstanding the trivial sciolisms to which the work is in a great measure reduced, it still requires all the previous knowledge of a professor to render it intelligible to the reader. But to come to the work immediately before us—to the simple question which stands in its title-page, an imaginary Mr. Crompton is put forward to reply; and so far from beginning with the beginning, his first observation is a mere series of transcendental terms—to his auditory a perfect mystery. "Indeed, the invention of this remarkable apparatus, and the more recent discoveries of its chemical, electro-magnetic, and calorific properties may be regarded as forming one of the grand epochs in the history of science." Here is a pleasant point of departure for a child's book, presupposing nothing less than a general acquaintance with the whole field of inquiry. We are then told, that "the effects of the voltaic battery are all due to the action of electricity (the very thing to be explained)—that electricity is produced by fits and starts, that to obtain its sensible effects, rapid charges and discharges must be made—that voltaic phenomena, *per contra*, are the results of a continued current—that the latter is called voltaic electricity, and the former ordinary electricity. What seven-league strides are these for the child to take! Is it not the realization of the ridiculous image of a little shock dog following the steps of a gigantic Prussian grenadier? Every word demands a separate commentary; and would be utterly incomprehensible to the most thoroughly developed mind, as a first unprepared step in the science to be acquired.

Let us again take the description of the electro-magnetic telegraph; which, "by means of extended wires and a few finger stops, connected with electro-magnetic action, and by which signals are made—will instantly and distinctly convey communications between the most distant parts to which the line can be conveniently carried." Why, we have seen the object, end and means, of this singular invention, more clearly set forth in the hasty paragraph of a newspaper. Again, the magnetic needle is described as assuming, when suspended, "a nearly northerly or southerly direction (subject to certain local and secular variations on which I cannot now enlarge)," &c. Setting aside the imperfect communication of the main fact, what can the uninitiated understand by a "secular variation"?

It is evident on the simplest perusal, that the writer unconsciously takes for granted that the pupil is familiar with the phenomena which she undertakes to explain; but this familiarity could not have been attained without having placed the pupil in advance of the elementary matter, which such works profess

to teach. Here, indeed, lies the root of the whole error—science, being a matter of fact, cannot be taught by books. The electrical machine, and the voltaic battery, must be seen and used before they can be understood. In the lecture-room, and not in the library, can they be effectually studied; and if the lecturer has done his duty, he has left nothing especially adapted to the informed intellect to be learned.

In taking this bagatelle as illustrative of the sort of knowledge conveyed by the class of books to which it belongs, we propose to consider the logic only, and not the matter of the work. The mere phenomena may be perfectly and correctly stated, as isolated facts; but the merit of the book as a book of instruction must depend also, and in a far greater degree, upon the perfection of their connexion. The fault on which we are called to dwell is the awkward development of the whole, the rapid passage from ill-explained trivialities, to the last results of science, not explained at all; the mixture of the simple and the profound, of the obvious and the remote. From science thus taught, (a science of words, not of ideas,) nothing can result but pedantry and presumption, and of this we have a droll illustration in the flippancy with which Mr. Crompton's pupil taxes Franklin with "tempting" God by placing himself in danger, while drawing the lightning from the clouds. It is true that he afterwards is led to correct this hasty judgment, but the author misses the opportunity for displaying and reproving the erroneous habit. This is the more necessary, because an overweening self-conceit is the necessary and accustomed fruit of the style of tuition which short cuts to science are calculated to propagate.

For the rest, the little volume is by no means worse than the greater number of its class; and we have adopted it to illustrate the general fact, precisely because it is neither deficient in industry, nor in a competent knowledge of the subject.

*List of New Books.*—Discovery and Adventure in the Polar Seas and Regions, by Leslie, Jameson & Murray, 4th edit. fc. 8vo. 5s. cl. lettered.—Tyler's Discovery in Northern Coasts of America, 2nd edit. fc. 8vo. 5s. cl. lettered.—Lives and Voyages of Drake, Cavendish, and Dampier, 3rd edit. fc. 8vo. 5s. cl. lettered.—Circumnavigation (The) of the Globe, 2nd edit. fc. 8vo. 5s. cl. lettered.—Spalding's Italy and Italian Islands, 2nd edit. 3 vols. fc. 8vo. 5s. cl. lettered.—Murray's British America, 3 vols. fc. 8vo. 5s. cl. lettered.—Crichton's Scandinavia, 2 vols. fc. 8vo. 5s. cl. lettered.—Iceland, Greenland, and the Faroe Islands, fc. 8vo. 5s. cl. lettered.—Macgillivray's Travels and Researches of Alexander von Humboldt, 3rd edit. fc. 8vo. 5s. cl. lettered.—Tyler's Life of Sir Walter Raleigh, 3rd edit. fc. 8vo. 5s. cl. lettered.—Tyler's Life of King Henry the Eighth, 2nd edit. fc. 8vo. 5s. cl. lettered.—Lives of Eminent Zoologists, by W. Macgillivray, 2nd edit. fc. 8vo. 5s. cl. lettered.—Paradise Lost and Regained, by the Rev. J. P. Walsh, 12mo. 5s. cl.—Damascus, or Conversion in Relation to the Grace of God and the Agency of Man, by the Rev. D. E. Ford, Author of "Chorazin," &c. 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Guillerez's (A. F.) New French Grammar, translated by E. C. Anderson, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bd.—Guillerez's (A. F.) Lectures Grammaticales et Historiques, ou Exercices sur la Langue Francaise, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bd.—Williams's Modern German and English Dialogues, 7th enlarged edition, 12mo. 4s. cl.—Braithwaite's Retrospect of Medicine and Surgery, Part II. new edit. 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Binn's (Dr.) Anatomy of Sleep, post 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.—The Rev. W. Jay's Works, Vol. IV. (Morning and Evening Exercises, October to December,) crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.—Chambers's Romans, Vol. IV. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Cecil's Remains, by Pratt, 2s. 6d. cl.—South Indian Sketches, Part I. Madras and Mayavaram, 2nd edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—The Ladies' Hand-Book of Knitting, Netting, and Crochet, by the Author of "The Ladies' Hand-Book of Fancy Needlework," &c. 32mo. 1s. cl.—The Ladies' Hand-Book of Fancy Needlework, &c. 2nd edit. 32mo. 1s. cl.—Guide to the Conservatory, by R. Bainbridge, 12mo. 5s. cl.—The Public General Acts of 5 & 6 Victoria, 1842, intended as a Supplement to "Commercial and General Lawyer," 8vo. 5s. swd.—The Abbotsford Edition of the Waverley Novels, Vol. I. royal 8vo. 21s. cl.—Hand-Book for Travellers in Northern Italy, post 8vo. 12s. cl.—William Langshawe, the Cotton Lord, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. bds.

#### THE SERVIANS.

[We are indebted for this and another paper on Servia, which we shall publish next week, to the Correspondent who some time since sent us an account of the first steam voyage on the Save (No. 575). Though they derive great additional interest from the revolution which has lately broken out in that country, and which has compelled Prince Michael to seek safety in the Austrian territories; they were not written in contemplation or in consequence of it. Our Correspondent, after spending two or three years in the countries bordering the Danube, passed eastward, and these papers were transmitted from Syria].

WE suppose the traveller, on a bright morning in September, hurrying after the large wheelbarrow which carries the luggage of the temporary guests of

the Queen of England at Pesth to the Zring steamer, lying just below the long bridge of boats, that connects the quiet sombre bureaucratic Ofen with the noisy bustling movement along the new city, which has sprung up as it were by enchantment on the opposite side of the water. He steps on board, the signal is given for starting, the lofty and verdant Blochberg, the vine-clad hill that produces the fiery Ofener wine, and the long and graceful quay, form, as it were, a fine peristrophic panorama, as the vessel wheels round, and pows downwards, commences her voyage for the vast and curious East, while our Danubian tourist bids a dizzy farewell to the last snug little centre of European civilization.

Five miles an hour over the ground, and nine miles an hour over the water—five and nine make fourteen according to Cocker,—that is the way to get to the East. *Verb. suf.*, never attempt to return from the East by ascending the Danube: "Piano, piano, si va lontano," is a very pretty proverb current at a high rate, but it did not prevent me from being beggared of my patience in the upward voyage.

We hurry downwards towards the frontiers of Turkey, but Nature smiles not. For two days we have on our left the dreary steppe of central Hungary, and on our right the low distant hills of Talm and Barange. Alas, this is not the Danube of Yassan, and Linz, and Mälik, and Claster Neuberg, and Theben! But now the Drave pours its broad water into the great artery; the right shores soon become bolder, and the eminences rise to hills of picturesque form and verdant drapery. This little mountain chain is the stronghold of the celebrated Francis Gora, and of the Servian language, literature, and nationality. On the Austrian side of the Savre, the government calls their inhabitants Illyrians or Scavonians (Scavonier, not Slaves),\* but between the Sertiski of Scavonia and the Sertiski of Belgrade there is not the smallest difference, and in spite of the cunning and management of the Austrian government, there is a great fellow-feeling between these two divisions of this people: this arises not so much from their secret inclination to Russia, as from their knowledge that they were formerly a great nation, and that their kings took rank with those of Hungary and Poland; as for the Czar of Muscovy, he was in these days a distant and unknown barbarian chief.

Let us now take a hurried glance at some of the great landmarks of Servian history. The Servians have been known in Europe since the sixth century, when they passed from the north of the Carpathians to the Danube, and formed various states, which now go by the names of Servia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia, Croatia, and Scavonia, under princes who were called Shupans. In course of time the idiom and terminations of the first languages of these states underwent a change, but there is still a perfect identity of words. The Servians assisted the Greeks against the Avars and other Asiatic hordes, who were making eruption into the west of Europe. In the middle of the twelfth century they increased in power, at that time the royal race of the Nemanjas arose, and up to the end of the fourteenth century there were eight Servian kings and two emperors. To this very day the peasantry of the vast woods of the interior of this beautiful country, which in the umbrageous picturesqueness surpasses all others in Europe, sing "that old and antique song" which records the valour of Stephen Dushan, surnamed the Powerful, who took from the degenerate descendants of Constantine all Macedonia, except Thessalonica, all Thessaly, Aetolia, Epirus, and Albania. Shade of Alexander! here is a Scythian Roland for a Greek Oliver. What a pitiful figure our Miloses, Milan, and Michaels cut beside Dushan, who styled himself King of Servia, Greece, Bulgaria, and Albania. What a magnificent stretch of country, having for its northern boundary the Danube, its western the Adriatic, its eastern the Black Sea, and in the south approaching the Mediterranean. This extended but ill-consolidated empire was under the local governments of waywodes and preses or princes; but Uros, his son, who succeeded him at eighteen years of age, was ill able to contend with these men, who wished to render themselves independent. This poor boy was invited to a hunting party by a monster of the

\* It is odd that there are no two English words to mark the difference between the inhabitants of Scavonia Proper and the great nation which spreads from Dalmatia to Tolsk.

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name of Wuhachin, who, in keeping with the spirit of the age, dashed out his brains with a mace. Last of all came Prince Lajarus, (to whose mummy, carefully preserved in one of the prettiest convents in the Fruska Gora, we shall by-and-by pay a visit). The Osmanli Crescent was now in the ascendant. The Christianized Scythes, who had come from the north of the Black Sea, must now yield to the Mussulman Scythians who had come from the steppes of Turkistan. On the 17th of June, 1389, the fate of the kingdom of Servia was sealed. They met on the field of Possovo, Campus merulorum, or Field of Ashes, as it is called. Lajarus lost his life and kingdom ; the flower of the feudal nobility fell ; and that people never again became a nation until the nineteenth century. The Turks now got hold of all Servia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina, and at that time they carried out of Servia Proper upwards of two hundred thousand slaves.

The oppressions of the Turks were always from time to time driving masses of the inhabitants over to the Austrian frontier. In 1690, after a revolt at the instigation of the Emperor Leopold, 37,000 families emigrated to Hungary, and a place above Ofen was assigned them. Then again, in 1737, at the instigation of the Emperor Charles VI., who understood the embellishment of Vienna better than war or politics, Arsenius Iwanowitch called on the Servians to rise, but the Turks, this time better prepared, massacred more than escaped ; so much so, that the Patriarch said, that the day before Christmas he dreamed that he must account to God for 800,000 souls that went into the other world.

We are now in the nineteenth century, and a change has come over the scene ; Servia is again an almost independent principality. As for Turkey, "La Monarchie est bien vieillie" ; but we greatly doubt if the Sultan is entitled to add "Mais elle dure mon temps." In spite of the theories and illusions of people living in London, and inquiring of Turkey from Constantinople, the incurable rottenness of the empire has been for more than half a century evident to all men practically acquainted with the interior. Volney, for instance, travelled in various parts of Turkey during the years 1783-4-5, and (however bewildered in his theological notions) was thoroughly acquainted with the Turks. "Non, non," says he, "c'est en vain que l'on veut espérer, rien ne changer chez les Turks, ni l'esprit du gouvernement, ni le cours actuel des affaires. Le Sultan continue de végéter dans son palais, les femmes et les envois de nommer aux emplois, le visir de vendre à l'encan les gouvernemens et les places, les Pachas de piller les sujets et d'appauvrir les provinces, le dian de suivre ses maximes d'orgueil et d'intolérance, les peuples et les troupes de se livrer à leur fanatisme et de demander la guerre, les généraux de le faire sans intelligence, et de perdre des batailles, jusqu'à ce que par une dernière secousse cet édifice incohérent de puissance, privé de ses appuis et perdant son équilibre, s'écroule tout à coup en débris, et ajoute l'exemple d'une grande ruine à tous ceux qui a déjà vu la terre." These prophetic words render it unnecessary for us to follow in detail the decline of the Ottoman empire, and the success of Russia in war and intrigue, indicative of colossal military and political power, only to those who have judged of the strength and resources of Turkey from the ingenious theories of Mr. Urquhart.

The real dismemberment of Servia, Wallachia, Moldavia, and Egypt, and the nominal as well as real independence of Greece, followed as a matter of course. Nature revenged herself, and the appearance of such rebels as Milosh and Mehemet Ali is as infallible as smuggling is of vicious commercial regulations. Volney's words would apply to the present day ; for after all the pretended reforms, the Sultan Mother (Valide) is steeped in intrigue, the Grand Vizier sells places to the highest bidder, and a frightful reaction in favour of the *ancien régime* of Islamism has resulted from the Hatti Scherif of Gul Hane. As for a treaty to secure the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire, it can be looked upon only as a farce.

Although the difference between the talents and character of Milosh and Mehemet Ali is "wide as the poles asunder," there is much in the history of the Servian patriot, or rebel, which deserves notice. Milosh was born in Dobrija in 1780, he is conse-

quently now about 62 years of age. He spent his youth in herding the famed swine of Servia, which attain their perfection in consequence of the abundant fodder of acorns which the boundless forests of the interior afford ; and the only visit Milosh paid to any of the Frank towns, was when he hired himself as a drover with a large herd of cattle going to Zara. In the first years of the present century various revolts of the Servians against the Turks took place, and Milosh and his elder brother, Milan, who was eventually Hospodar of Rudvic, were first in the field. In 1807 he was severely wounded in the breast, and narrowly escaped being killed. The first important command of Milosh was in the summer, to watch the passes of the Slutiboi, (a ramification of Balkan), lest the Servians should be taken aback by troops from Albania or Bosnia. These mountains being impassable in winter on account of the snow, he used to spend the winter in Uschitze. The leader of the Servians was in those days Black George, called by the Turks Kara George, and by Servians Czerny George. He was long successful, but in 1813 the whole of Servia was reconquered ; Black George was obliged to fly to Austria with most of the chiefs and elders ; but Milosh, being a cunning politician as well as a fighting man, made his peace with the Turks, and not only remained unmolested, but, in order to secure his support, Soliman Pasha, in a Vizierial letter, made him Knes, or governor, of Rudvic, Posbeg, and Kraguvatry, in fact of all central Servia. It was soon evident that this nomination was a *ruse*, a mere temporary expedient to keep the people in order, until they could be completely disarmed. Soliman Pasha began with cutting off the head of a chief of the name of Glawash, who was actually supporting the government. Milosh, who was then in Belgrade, got secret intelligence that his turn would soon come ; he applied for permission to leave the town, but was civilly refused, under pretext that his presence and advice were necessary to the Pasha ; but by a present of one hundred and fifty sequins to Tiaja Pasha, the general of the troops, he escaped, and on the following morning at day-break left Belgrade, and made his way to one of the wildest recesses of the Rudvic Mountains.

Milosh now lost no time in rousing the people to arms ; and the plundering and cruelty of the Turks, after the suppression of the last revolt, had rendered them ripe for another rising. It is also not to be doubted that Russian gold was not wanting, when there was a prospect of hastening the departure of the Turks from Servia ; and in looking back to the various internal disorders, and confusions from without, which have affected the Ottoman empire, nothing has been more vital in its consequences, as regards European Turkey, than the erection of Servia into a Slavonic principality. The mere cutting away of Moldavia and Wallachia left Turkey in Europe still square-shouldered, with one of the most distinct of limits and effectual of barriers in the Danube ; but the loss of Servia, while it broke down the geographical line of the four Slavonic provinces, Montenegro being always independent, left Bosnia and Herzegovina isolated, and opened a normal school of agitation for Bulgaria ; and had not Milosh afterwards remained faithful to the Sultan, and proved himself inimical to Russian pretensions, a preconcerted union between Montenegro and Servia might, in the campaign of 1828 and 1829, not only have shut out the Mohammedan Bosnians from connexion with the rest of the empire, but have kept in check the whole of the north of Albania, from whence many of the best troops of the Sultan were always drawn. The excision of Servia from the very heart's core of Europe,—say of Turkey in Europe,—was, therefore, far more portentous of the decline of the empire, than the loss of Moldavia or Wallachia.

The rising of the Servians was successful, and ended with the whole of the internal government of the Principality remaining in the hands of the people. The Pasha of Belgrade continued to be recognized as the Hospodar of the Turks, and to have authority over the Moslems ; but Milosh became virtually Prince of the Servian people, whom he governed through the medium of the Kneses. Milosh's dignity was afterwards confirmed by a firman of the Porte. In all these transactions the Russian ambassador at Constantinople played an important part, and the Servian deputies at Constantinople invariably had recourse to his assistance ; nor were the views of the Servians for-

gotten on any subsequent occasion : and when we reflect on the ties of consanguinity and religion between the Servians and the Russians, we feel no surprise on seeing the representatives of Austria in Servia almost always passive or paralyzed. The sympathy, real or pretended, of Russia for Servia, is most prominent in the eighth clause of the Treaty of Bucharest ; then, again, the fifth clause of the Treaty of Akerman (section 2), confirms to the Servians, "in the name of Almighty God," the choice of civil officers, the independence of the internal administration, the consolidation of the taxes into a fixed tribute, the delegation of the management of property belonging to Mussulmans to native Servians, under the condition of paying over all the income ; then comes the enumeration of various franchises and privileges, ending with the prohibition of Mussulmans settling in the interior of the principality.

As Milosh found himself getting strong, he gradually attempted to shake off the onerous protection of Russia, and re-attach himself to the Porte and to the mass of the people. Russia, therefore, immediately took up the party of the factious chiefs or nobles (if such they may be called) in Belgrade. It must be admitted that the rule of Milosh pressed severely on this class, for he restrained their personal liberty, and would not allow any other carriage but his own (or that of a consul) to be seen in the streets of Belgrade ; but his rule was beneficial to the great mass of the people ; and when we see the anarchy and disorganization that has existed in Servia for the last two years, the period of Milosh was the happiest Servia has seen in modern times. Jefrem Obrenowitch, Milosh's own brother, was one of the first to plot against him. This man was in pecuniary difficulties at the Baths of Mehddia, and there made the acquaintance of M. Watschenko, the present Russian Consul-General in Servia. Jefrem henceforth became the mainspring of the Russian party.

In 1835 Milosh promulgated a Constitution on an extended basis, but this suited the views of neither Austria nor Russia : it was unacceptable to the first, because she detests the very name of a constitution, and was afraid that it would cause much excitement among the Servians within her own frontier ; to Russia, again, it was unacceptable, because it would tighten the bonds between Milosh and the people, and hence the idea of a Hatti Scherif, which should make the Servian senate to consist of seventeen members, self-elected and for life, along with the four ministers of state,—thus in all twenty-one, a snug little Russian committee, excluding the people and controlling Milosh. This machinery fully answered the purpose for which it was intended. Milosh struggled in vain to resist, and in 1837 and 1838 an oligarchy of the worst description took the place of the rule of Milosh ; and not content with controlling, they humiliated and degraded him so far, that people were afraid and ashamed to go near him or pay their respects to him. He became a sort of prisoner of state ; and Waczy-Alexis Simitch, Abraham Petrovitch, and Jefrem Obrenowitch, Milosh's own brother, the greatest scoundrel of them all, were the *Maires du Palais*. A coup d'état could undoubtedly have saved Milosh, but he was no longer the fearless guerilla warrior of twenty-five years ago ; he had become immensely rich and proportionally timid ; he loved power much, but he loved his money-bags more. Hence his fall. In May, 1838, his faithful and younger brother, Jowan, raised the peasantry of the interior, and with some 1,500 men marched towards Belgrade, to release Milosh ; but the senators skillfully detached the chiefs, no fighting took place, the troops were dispersed, Jowan was put in prison, and Milosh, under the drawn swords and cocked pistols of Waczy and his brother Jefrem, signed his abdication, and retired to his extensive estates in Wallachia. His son Michael, a mere boy, is now the Prince, but the country has been ever since his accession in a most unsettled state.

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 19th Sept.

I could not but wish, when at Rouen, that I were antiquarian enough to give you a letter on the churches ; concerning which, exhausted though the subject seem, something remains to be said : at least, with my predisposition to seek for nationality—the colour of the soil,—in every product of Art, whether

it be the turn of a melody, or the fashion of a dormer window; certain peculiarities of construction, detail, and general effect struck me, which I have found neither in the great churches of Germany nor the cathedrals of England. Repair and decoration are going on busily in this dirty, ancient, mechanical town. I use my last epithet advisedly—besides the justification I might claim for it on the score of certain manufacturing chimneys, which *compose*, oddly, with the spires, towers, and fret-work lanterns of the old Norman city; for here, modern is employed to eke out ancient art, as may be seen by the gigantic iron spire in progress of erection on the cathedral, to replace the wooden one destroyed some years ago by lightning. The dizzy height of this can only be credited by those who examine by touch, and span the huge ribs, joints and nuts, which, from below, seem like cobweb threads and cobweb knots; or who convince themselves by mounting the geometrical staircase, which reaches to within some eighty feet of the summit;—one of those terrible pleasures which for persons of weak nerves make up a formidable price to pay for a view, be it even so splendid as the one which this same dizzy *fleche* commands. I could not but shudder when I looked at the workmen employed far above me; and was told that so soon as the last fragment is secured in its place, the gilders will commence their operations, slung in cradles at an altitude which one sickens to measure. Though one may doubt the wisdom of such a beautification, some process is still needed to make this spire agreeable as an object from a distance. Viewed from the chateau of the courteous Baron Lefevre at Canteleu—(how is it that the tourists have made no more account of this view?)—the incongruity of its present colour makes it a positive blot on one of the rarest passages of town and river prospect I ever beheld. Very elaborate restorations, too, are going on at the Palais de Justice, a gorgeously-fantastic specimen of architecture, of which we have few examples in Great Britain. But for licence in all the strange admixtures of Gothic arch, Grecian capital, grotesque sculpture, and nondescript foliage, commend me to the great church at Gisors, half way betwixt Rouen and Paris. Here the menacing animals that protrude from the battlements, the uncouth sculptures of the grand *portail*, the immoderate disproportion of the two towers which flank the same, and the confusion of every age and style in the exterior and interior details, make up a whole, the disentanglement of which, so as to afford any precise impressions, would have cost us a week, instead of the half hour we were able to bestow on it.

And now for Paris: dull this metropolis cannot be; but its September aspect is not attractive to those who love the Paris of Fine Arts and gay society. All the world that can go, is either at the *café*, or on the Rhine, or even as far over sea as England. The theatres are reposing upon the novelties of the past season: Rachel has only just made her *entrée* at the *Français*; while Bouffé and Déjazet are still absent. But my luck in opera has been great; for such I consider it, to fall, and within three days, upon 'Les Deux Journées' of Cherubini, 'Le Petit Chaperon Rouge' of Boieldieu, and a work hitherto unheard by me, Auber's 'Les Diamants de la Couronne,' since I cannot but recollect how long the traveller might have to wait in a German capital before his ears were gratified by hearing two classical operas, and a new work by the greatest master of the country. If I had needed further encouragement for my *cræze* for French opera (so some esteem it), I should have found it "to the top of my bent" in the elder compositions just mentioned. I conceive, indeed, that for dramatic expressiveness and solidity of musical construction, Cherubini's opera is but one degree less excellent than the 'Fidelio' of Beethoven: I would boldly add, that the soldiers' music, in the second act, has as decided a colour and character as that of the Prisoners' Chorus in the German opera, which we in England are accustomed never to hear without tears of applause. There is a French touch, too, in the couplets given to Mikeli the water-carrier, and in the *musette* chorus (3rd Act), 'Jeunes Fillettes,' which I am Catholic enough not only to tolerate, but even to approve. But, talking of gallicism in sound, where could there be found a more exquisite illustration of the same, than in 'Le Petit Chaperon'? Not needlessly to enter the lists against those champions who maintain that no music can be tolerable,

which amuses the general public, I will not praise the coquettish and rhythmical melodies of which the opera is, "without o'erflowing, full"—however tempted by Mdlle. Darcier, whose tuneful voice and winning sprightliness have shown me what could be done with the part of *Rose d'Amour*, by an artist so consummate as La Gavaudan, by whom it was originally created (as the French say). But Boieldieu's orchestral colouring of his subject must command the admiration of the sternest, so he be only one hair's breadth within that line of prejudicet which the French are to be hated, "because they are slaves, and wear wooden shoes." There is a delicacy in the admixture and interchange of the composer's stringed and wind instruments, a fantastical and never exaggerated luxury of ornament in the accompaniments to his couplets and choruses, as essentially Parisian as the merry noises of the Boulevards, as incommunicable to an artist of a heavier nation, as the secrets of the Parisian *cuisine*. Boieldieu, in short, is the Watteau of opera. Auber, perhaps, its Boucher. But parallels as well as comparisons are odious.

The corps of the Opéra Comique is by no means at present in its richest state. A *prima donna assoluta* is wanting to it. Our pretty countrywoman, Madame Thillon, is all but spoiled, by an increase of affection, consequent on the success of her blue eyes and fair hair, and pleasant English voice. I have never heard the King's French so clipped as she clips it, in her resolution to say her sayings coquettishly. She has lost the power of standing upright, and assumed that set smile of over-sweetness which is worse than the vacuity of honest no-meaning. 'Tis a pity that she has every good gift that a comic songstress could desire except nature. There is a young lady fresh from the Conservatoire, Mdlle. Revilly, who, with not a quarter of Madame Thillon's voice or good looks, managed to please me much more by the quiet archness of her acting, and the unaffected certainty of her vocal execution. This was in 'Le Conseil de Dix,' as comical an hour-long trifle as one could hear on a summer's evening: the music of which, by M. Girard, the clever leader of the orchestra of the Opéra Comique, is as pretty as the tale is comical.

I have heard the new French lady, Mdlle. Méquillet, who, after a successful career in Italy, especially at Florence, where she distinguished herself in Meyerbeer's 'Robert,' has returned to Paris to take her place by the side of her countrymen, MM. Duprez and Baroilhet, who, by like foreign training, have qualified themselves for their own Opera stage. She is undoubtedly clever: and has turned her time in Italy to account, by extending a rather limited *mezzo soprano* voice upwards, until she is capable of undertaking the most passionate characters of the tragic repertory. But she is not engaging either as an actress or as a singer: and the best success she has had to gain will not fill the vacancy caused by poor Falcon's premature decay. Of any very decided musical novelty in preparation I do not hear; but the present is hardly the moment for such rumours, Paris, as I have already said, being all but empty of those among whom they circulate.

II. F. C.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

OUR attention has been urgently requested to some fresco paintings which a Mr. Mills has lately executed for the Literary Institution at Gravesend. We have not yet been able to visit them, and cannot consent to insert the laudations of unknown correspondents; but we have read the flourishing report in *The Kentish Herald*, and are among those whom the writer anticipates will think the subjects "unhappily chosen"—absurdly chosen, we should say. Let the reader judge. "The subjects are from the old Mythology; the time—that long vanished period when the inhabitants of heaven experienced the passions and pangs of the enjoyments of the children of earth, and the most favoured of the deities sought to mingle their existence with that of the frail creatures of mortality."

\* \* \* The scenes are, the descent of Diana to Endymion, and Aurora dispersing the clouds of Night. In the first, the chaste Queen of Night is seen as she gazed for the first time upon her much-loved shepherd boy, and the conflict between her young love and her ancient modesty—the strife &c.—and so forth, after the approved fashion of local descriptive writers. "The design of the second picture is of a much

loftier order, and has in its composition a far greater amount of spirituality. Aurora is discovered seated on a throne of clouds; her upturned, &c. An infant cherub by her side is assisting in the gladsome work, and as his tiny hands roll back a hill of vapour, the joyous spirit looks out, &c. At the feet of the goddess are a pair of winged creatures, whom the scholar will at once recognize to be Zephyr and Zephyrus (!) &c. Now can subjects be conceived more ridiculously inappropriate for a Literary Institution at Gravesend? The painter, we are told, will be content with "fit admirers though few,"—that he is prepared for certain, but "will continue, like the beings whom he has here represented, to go on, all heedless of the world around." We can only say, that if he is resolved to disfigure our walls with these silly, absurd, schoolboy pedantries, we wish he would "go on," and leave them to the blacking men. Surely the locality is not wholly without historic recollections or traditions! Ask 'the men of Kent' where is Swanscombe, and whence they took the proud 'Invicta' of their standard? Is not Tilbury on the opposite shore? and is it forgotten that there was once assembled the chivalry of England, and there was uttered the noblest speech that ever fell from the lips of crowned monarch?

The daily papers announce the death, at Boulogne, of Sir Wm. Ouseley. Sir William was, we believe, originally in the army, and served as an officer in the dragoons, under the Duke of York, in the campaign of 1794, but soon abandoned the profession, and devoted himself to the study of the Oriental languages, for which purpose he resided for some time at Leyden. The next year, in 1795, he published his 'Persian Miscellanies,' which was followed by his 'Oriental Collections,' 'Epitome of Persian History,' 'Oriental Geography,' 'Tales of Bakthyr,' and other works illustrative of Oriental life or literature. In 1810 he accompanied his brother, Sir Gore Ouseley, to Persia, as secretary to the embassy; and, on his return, published his 'Travels in Persia,' a work which contains abundant evidence of the ability and learning which he brought to bear on the subject, and the zeal with which he pursued his inquiries. Sir William must have been about seventy-one when he died; and resided abroad, we fear, rather from necessity than choice. We had not the honour of his personal acquaintance, but are proud to know that he thought well of the *Athenæum*; and occasionally, when subjects arose with which he was especially acquainted, he obligingly favoured us with communications.

We regret to learn that Mr. Robert Mudie, whose death we some time since announced (*ante*, p. 480), has left a widow and five young children in a state of utter destitution; and that, without friends, without a home, they are compelled to appeal to the benevolence of the public, and to the generous sympathies of those to whom the deceased may have been once known, or who have been instructed or amused by his works. We trust they will not appeal in vain.

We collect from the Continental Journals that a scientific expedition, under the direction of the Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg, is about to proceed immediately to Siberia, to explore the country between the rivers Pjasida and Chatanga, extending to the Icy Sea.—A manuscript of the 16th century has been found at Limoges, in which are detailed the ancient mode of enamel painting. The manuscript is to be sent to the manufactory at Sévres, and great hopes are entertained of its also giving some valuable hints on the old manner of painting on glass.—Count Jaubert, known in the world of letters by his botanical works, is at present preparing for publication the travels of Aucher Eloy, a young French botanist, who, after struggling for ten years against a variety of dangers in visiting Egypt, Arabia, Syria, Cyprus, Greece, the islands of the Archipelago, and Persia, lately expired at Djulfa, near Ispahan.—Victor Hugo and Casimir Delavigne, according to the *Univers*, are to be included in a forthcoming batch of peers: a similar honour having been offered to Philosophy, in the person of Royer Collard, by whom it had been declined.—Upwards of 800 men of literature and science are expected to attend the Scientific Congress at Strasburg, which will be opened on the 28th inst. The Town Council has voted a sum of 8,000 fr. to be expended in the entertainment of these numerous and illustrious visitors.

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ors of all nations. According to the programme, and the list of questions to be discussed in the several Sections, which has been obligingly forwarded to us by the Secretary, Prof. G. Ph. Hepp, it promises to be a meeting of great interest.

An amusing example of the manner in which history may be falsified at its very sources, has just occurred in connexion with the ceremonies for laying the foundation stone of the new works at Cologne Cathedral. The record deposited beneath the foundation stone contains two distinct averments, the traces of whose falsehood may hereafter be stumbled on, through other indications, by some eruditæ Archaeologists, and set far-off generations of antiquarians by the ears. Posterity is gravely informed that the Kings of Hanover and Wurtemberg were actors in this solemnity—whereas these sovereigns were unable to attend; and the inscription is dated "tertio iulii Septembris," while the ceremony took place on the 4th. These historical errata are certainly not of great importance; but where provision is made, before our eyes, for future confusion, we need scarcely wonder at the unsolvable riddles and irreconcileable discrepancies involved in the chronicles of the past.—Speaking of this Cathedral, we may mention that something of the same spirit of reparation and restoration and completion of ancient monuments, which has set these vast works in progress, is diffusing itself very generally over the Continent. Our readers have learnt, from our columns, how actively this taste for the renewal and perfection of historical monuments has been engaged in France; and Belgium has not been behind hand in the work of restoration. Thus, the two towers of Sainte-Gudule, at Brussels, have been carefully repaired, and all the delicate tracery which time had injured has been renewed, stone by stone; and the church of Notre Dame de Finisterræ is surrounded by scaffolds, which announce extensive repairs. So with the light and graceful spire of the Cathedral at Antwerp,—“whose 622 steps” it is said, “may now be ascended, and upper gallery reached, without the adventurer fearing to be carried away by the wind, in company with some decayed and tottering pinnacle.” In the same structure, M. Geerst is still labouring at the Gothic stalls, which our correspondent referred to last year (No. 725) as master-pieces of their kind. At Ghent, the Cathedral of Saint-Bavon is in course of complete restoration. At Bruges, the churches of Saint-Salvador, of Notre-Dame, and the chapel of Saint-Basil, have been repaired; and the venerable Cathedral of Tournai, the most ancient religious monument in Belgium, has, for upwards of a year, been the subject of important works intended alone to strengthen it and restore its ancient character. The Hotel-de-Ville, of Louvain, unequalled for the delicacy of its fretwork and tracery—a gem without rival in the florid-Gothic style, has also been carefully restored,—and the Hotel-de-Ville of Brussels is now in course of restoration.

**DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.**  
The Two Pictures now exhibiting represent THE VILLAGE OF ALAGNA, in Piedmont, destroyed by an Avalanche, painted by M. BOUTON; and THE SHRINE OF THE NATIVITY, at Bethlehem, painted by M. RENOUX, from a Sketch made on the spot by D. ROBERTS. R.A. in 1839. Both Pictures exhibit various effects of light and shade. Open from Ten till Five.

**AFGHANISTAN.**—NOW OPEN, PANORAMA, Leicester-square, a comprehensive and interesting VIEW of CABUL, including a sketch of the city, the Hindu, Dravidian, and the Pash of Kandahar, with a description of the Hindu Mountains, and the Pash of Kandahar, where the British army was so treacherously destroyed. The whole illustrated by numerous groups of figures descriptive of the manners of the Afghans. The Views of the Battle of Waterloo and of Jerusalem, remain open.

**THE CHINESE COLLECTION.**—St. George's-square, Hyde Park-corner.—The Chinese Collection, consisting of objects exclusively Chinese, surpassing in extent and grandeur any similar display in the known world, entirely filling the spacious saloon, 225 feet in length, by 40 in width, embracing upwards of fifty figures as large as life, all in groups, in their native costumes, from the highest nobility down to the meanest of the people, and also numerous specimens, both in natural history and miscellaneous curiosities, illustrating the appearance, manners, and customs of more than three hundred million Chinese, respecting whom the nations of Europe have hitherto had no opportunity of judging, is NOW OPEN for PUBLIC INSPECTION, from Ten in the Morning till Ten at Night. Admission, 2s. 6d.; Children 1s.

#### FINE ARTS

*Illustrations of Kilpeck Church. With an Essay on Ecclesiastical Design, and a Descriptive Interpretation.* By G. R. Lewis. Pickering.

These Illustrations belong to a class of works which are generally considered with exclusive reference to their graphic execution; but, in this instance, the

accompanying Essay contains so many singular, not to say startling opinions, as to deserve especial notice.

Of the Illustrations, and of Mr. Lewis's talent as a careful and accurate draftsman, we made honourable mention on the publication of the earlier numbers of the work—we intend, therefore, on this occasion, to confine ourselves to the ‘Essay on Ecclesiastical Design,’ or rather to the ‘Descriptive Interpretation,’ and assuredly the fidelity of his pencil will excite less surprise than the freedom of his pen. Let us begin especially to look to it—they are, it appears, a poor puny set of creatures, who, from Wren downwards, have never penetrated below the surface of their art, or had even a glimpse of its divine mysteries. Whatever may be the case with others, they will not be lulled to sleep by the gentle whispering of the leaves of this work; and all who are accustomed to rest content with authority, will, we suspect, be somewhat uncomfortably roused from their life-dreams by the startling novelties here forced on their attention. For ourselves, we like the earnest heartiness with which Mr. Lewis promulgates his opinions, and the simple confidence with which he announces his revelation in reference to art. Let us begin with Sir Christopher and St. Paul's.

“This is,” Mr. Lewis admits, “a building of great beauty; but do not let us praise it for what it does not possess. It does not appeal to a religious mind as a house of God; and if it were not for the statues of the apostles, that have been placed upon its ill-assorted upper parts, it would be passed by unheeded as a place of worship. When Sir Christopher Wren designed St. Paul's, he could not have known that the *Scriptures contained the only true information for Ecclesiastical Design*, or he would not have neglected them. No one would have supposed that an architect of such talent could have been so little informed upon the sacred writings, as his work sufficiently proves. It is true he thought correctly when he designed the cross form for its foundation. He also gave two towers at the commencement, and one in the centre, making these features in our religion to appear in the Cross and the *Trinity*; but after this, all appears to be confusion; and though there are some statues representing the apostles, &c., with a bas-relief sculpture of the subject of St. Paul's conversion, there is such a total want of connexion and proper placing of those few portions of scriptural representations, that we cannot but believe Sir Christopher must have been unacquainted with the true principles of Design, and the leading features of the law and the gospel, or he would have carried out the subject from the beginning to the end, just in the same order as they are arranged in the *Scriptures*. We there have the law for the commencement, and the gospel for the end; but no such order appears in the architectural forms and arrangements of our cathedral.”

This extract will serve as a specimen of the notions entertained by Mr. Lewis, and the words which we have put in italics, may be regarded as containing the gist of his theory, which though earnestly enforced, is, we need hardly say, nowhere intelligibly explained. Mr. Lewis next passes in review St. Martin's, St. George's Bloomsbury, St. George's Hanover Square, St. Pancras, Marylebone, and several other churches, all of which he censures, but not for specific faults, since all his objections hinge upon one point—their semi-Pagan character, and the absence of “Christian sentiment.” It is strange that he should have omitted St. Paul's Covent Garden, which not having what Mr. Lewis calls a half tower upon it, is still more Pagan, and has more of classical heathenism in its general outline than most of those referred to,—and little occasion was there, on the other hand, for singling out for reproach two such paltry buildings as Percy Chapel, and the one near Bedford Row, the name of which is Legion, and which present themselves at every corner in unabashed paltriness and unblushing ugliness, naked and not ashamed. It would have been more to the purpose had Mr. Lewis expressed his opinion of those imitations of our ancient churches which are just now so much in vogue, under the title of Gothic.

Possibly, Mr. Lewis's condemnation of ecclesiastical architecture, as now practised, will, give less offence than it might have done had it been more qualified. He pronounces it to be altogether false and faulty as a system, and not only to be so now and in this country, but to have been so for some ages, and in every part of Europe, whether Catholic or Protestant. After the objections he has urged against St. Paul's, it may be taken for granted that neither St. Peter's at Rome, nor any other edifice similarly planned and designed, at all satisfies him. Neither is it likely that the critic, who is scandalized at the paganism of St. Pancras Church, can regard with complacency such specimens of ecclesiastical design as La Madeleine at Paris, or Canova's Church at Possagno, both of them being stamped by Heathenism, very ostentatiously, and in a greater degree than anything of the kind in this country. The monuments in St. Paul's—and those in the Abbey likewise—are of course considered by Mr. Lewis as deteriorating the holiness of the edifice, and giving it the air of a “sculptor's studio.” St. Peter's and many other Roman Catholic churches have, we are told, the character of museums expressly intended for the display of works of art, while the interior of the Parisian “monument” above mentioned, has more the look of a ball-room, or a banqueting-room, than of a house of prayer and devotion.

Mr. Lewis may be thought to have many and most strange prejudices, yet no one can accuse him of entertaining unfair preferences and partialities; since, according to him, “intelligence of design has not been considered for these last four centuries!” which sentence, being passed upon the whole of modern church architecture since the so-called revival of the arts, falls with the less severity upon that of our own times; therefore, startling as it is, it becomes less offensive than it would be, were it more limited. It may be proper to explain that, by “intelligence of design,” to which he attaches peculiar and vital importance, he understands that wherein a symbolized and spiritualized meaning is given to the building and its several parts. Of such symbolical system, a tolerably full account is given, from Durandus, in the book itself; and some idea of it may be gathered from Mr. Lewis's own explanation of the plates, from which, however, we can merely quote a paragraph, by way of sample:—

“The west view (front) of Kilpeck church embodies great skill in the design, and shows a perfect mastery of the first part of the subject. The three buttresses below, and the three sides of the triangle (gable) above, give the six days of the creation, and the light in the centre is the seventh. The buttresses in *Trinity* support the *Light*, which is the *Law*. The triangle, or upper part in *Trinity*, supports the *Law*. From the apex of the triangle, the cross is made to appear an emanation of the *Trinity*. Also the cross is shown by the centre buttress at the shaft, the base of the triangle as the arms of the *Light* for the *Head*, denoting that the *Cross* was from the *Beginning*.”

Mr. Lewis then proceeds to explain, or rather interpret, after a similar fashion, the meaning which he discovers in the window, its columns and their ornaments; but the above specimen of his Champollion-like skill in deciphering the mystical and hieroglyphical language of architecture, must suffice. Ingenious it certainly is, but its value may be questioned. Such hieroglyphical “intelligence of design” has, we fear, so long and so totally fallen into disuse, as to be in the condition of Irving's “Unknown Tongues.” Sceptical people, indeed, might think such interpretations so arbitrary and fanciful, that by the same process almost any significance sought for, might be elicited from any design: for instance, that Mr. Cockerell, by his tetrastyle portico, Hanover Chapel, meant symbolically, but distinctly, to refer to the number of the Evangelists: while religious people might say that such interpretation partakes largely of superstition; and such fanciful systems of symbolizing and interpretation, betray no small degree of what looks like puerile, not to call it irreverent, trifling; that the most scrupulous attention to such matters of ancient ecclesiastical etiquette in architecture might be rigorously observed, and yet there be “little or no Christianity within us,” as Mr. Lewis infers to be now the case from the disregard shown to them; that to attach so much importance to, and lay so much stress on, external forms, was not the very best way of promoting religious sincerity or Christian sentiment.

That there is room for reform and improvement in our modern church architecture, we admit most fully, and should be glad to see it introduced; so far, indeed, from its being at all ecclesiastical in character, it is

generally altogether the reverse, either paltry and tawdry, or parsimonious and mean—not unfrequently both. Some of the modern churches seem to have been run up like ordinary building speculations, without regard to appearance, or even to propriety, more especially within, where the only consideration seems to have been to pack together the greatest number of persons in the smallest possible space. If not theatrical in regard to adornment, most of them are fitted up playhouse fashion, with pit, boxes, and galleries; and in most there is an unbecoming secular air—something that looks like a compromise between respect for the service of God and a prudent regard for that of Mammon. It is not on account of the absence of those enigmatical fancies and architectural riddles which Mr. Lewis recommends with so much enthusiasm, that our modern church architecture deserves to be reproached; but reproached it justly may be for the absence of all dignity, solemnity, and impressiveness. There is nothing in the churches calculated to give a devotional tone to the mind; much, on the contrary, that is cold and worldly in its character. Far more of the dignity and impressiveness suited to ecclesiastical architecture is to be met with in many a humble village church, where if there is plainness even to rudeness, there is also a quiet simplicity, and nothing of pretence or paltry affectation. There may be homeliness, but it is unpolluted by frivolity or vulgarity; which is far more than can be said in favour, or even excuse, of many things, which, however clever they may be, architecturally, as mere designs, are altogether deficient in religious sentiment and feeling, and, therefore, have no pretensions to be regarded as productions of art, since no attention is paid to the conditions required. Of merely mechanical and technical ability there may be much—perhaps much to please the critical eye; still there lacks the one thing needful—the manifestation of intellectual power: and with this remark, in which Mr. Lewis will, no doubt, cordially acquiesce, we shall dismiss his work.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

**HAYMARKET.**—Writing for the stage is either easy or difficult, according to the way in which the dramatist sets about it. To the few who desire to represent human life and character in action, without violating the consistency of nature, it is so difficult, that the instances of success may be soon numbered; to the mass of playwrights, who take the shorter method of disregarding truth and originality, and seek their materials not in the world but in plays, the task is "as easy as lying:" one turn of the theatrical kaleidoscope, with the addition of a few bits and scraps of modern phantasmagoria, accomplishes the feat. The public are taken with the trick, and seem never tired of seeing it performed; they like the artificial objects which they have been used to; nature "puts them out;" and no wonder, since they so seldom get a glimpse of it on the stage, which "holds as 'twere the mirror up to"—itself. This short way to success Mr. Bourcicault treads with the ease and confidence of experience. "London Assurance" was a triumph of the instinct of appropriation; and though his second attempt proved a failure, it was not without merit of the same kind. "Alma Mater, or a Cure for Coquettes," a less ambitious exploit, has been completely successful, if to elicit applause and laughter from that portion of the audience whose taste was hit, and to be called forward to receive the greeting of delighted admirers, be success: and such proof of it, we dare say, satisfies both author and manager: why should it not, since the piece pleases the public? and "those who live to please, must please to live." All that is necessary for us to say is, that the scene is laid in Oxford, and as the incidents of college life are professed to be represented, many persons on the stage wear trencher caps—though even this item was incorrect—and there is a great deal of hallooing and boisterous hilarity, with some saucy dialogue, that tells for repartee, and a pretty sprinkling of jockey slang, that passes for knowledge of the world; had the stable-boy talked as absurdly as the college tutor, the piece would surely have been hissed, but the author knew his audience too well for that. The principal persons—characters they can scarcely be called—are an intriguing widow, played by Miss Glover; a contradic-tious old bachelor, by

Mr. Farren, who, hating women, yields to the first word of flattery from his cherished aversion, the wily widow, and being called *Sarcasm* is never sarcastic; *Count Pavé*, an adventurer, who is duped and ridiculed all round; *Gradus*, a student, who gets drunk on the eve of becoming senior wrangler; an Irishman, a coquette, a lover, and the usual et cetera of a modern comedy. The most objectionable characteristic of the medley, is the want of good faith and right feeling incidentally shown throughout; it has a tone of heartless insincerity, that gives a scampish character to the whole affair.

#### MISCELLANEA

**Paris Academy of Sciences.**—Sept. 12.—A report was read on the production of sugar from maize.—A paper by M. Huan, on the means of preventing accidents on railways by the breaking of an axle-tree. The invention consists of such a modification of the wheel of the locomotive, that if the axle should break, the wheel itself becomes an axle, and prevents further accident.—M. Arago, in allusion to the opinion expressed by several persons as to the electricity of whirlwinds, mentioned to the Academy some observations made by M. Hortola on a storm, on the 24th ult., in the department of the Aude. This gentleman relates that on the occasion referred to the iron bars of windows, the gutters of sheet iron, the plates of insurance companies, and other metallic objects were carried away by the whirlwind, thus indicating the presence of electricity.—The Academy of Sciences of Naples having charged M. A. Nobili to inquire into the circumstances connected with the oscillatory movement of the sea in the Gulf of Naples, the result of his inquiry was this day communicated. It appears that M. Nobili has studied the variations of the mean level according to the direction of the wind, and has found that the greatest elevation of the mean level takes place in the west-south-west winds, and the smallest in those of the north-northeast. This is also the case on the western coast of Sicily. M. Chazallion has also taken some observations on the tide at Toulon, from which it results, that the full tide of the evening is much higher than that of the morning.—The next paper read was a communication from M. C. Martins, on the distribution of the higher order of the vegetation on the coast of Scandinavia and the southern slope of the Grimsel in Switzerland. All the botanical travellers who have visited Switzerland and Scandinavia, have been struck with the difference of the two countries, when comparing the latitudinal distribution of the higher order of vegetation on the coasts of Sweden and Norway with that of the vegetable zones on the higher Mountains of Switzerland. The southern slope of the pass of the Grimsel, in the Canton of Berne, presents, however, a remarkable analogy with the succession of the vegetable zones of the North. The following table shows the mean altitudinal and latitudinal limits of the principal trees common to the Grimsel and to Scandinavia:

	Latitudinal limits	Altitudinal limits, Mètres.
Fagus Sylvatica	60° N	925
Quercus Robur	61	800
Arbore Fructifera	63	1,060
Corylus Avellana	64	1,060
Abies Excelsa	67 40	1,545
Pinus Sylvestris	70	1,807
Betula Alba	78 40	1,975

If we compare the zones of vegetation, the analogy is not certainly perfect. On the Grimsel, the altitudinal limit of the oak is inferior to that of the beech, whilst in the North the beech disappears sooner than the oak; but on the Grimsel these limits are much more approximated than is generally the case in Switzerland, the difference of their level being only 125 metres. They approximate, therefore, as in Scandinavia, where their extreme limits only differ by one degree of latitude.—M. Arago laid before the Academy two fowling-pieces, the invention of M. Matthieu, and mentioned the following advantages. After each discharge the gun immediately recocks itself, and a new charge is conveyed in the direction of the barrel. This is repeated five or six times, and with such rapidity, that the gun can be discharged five times in three seconds. If the sportsman does not wish to fire with this rapidity, he can stop the action, and wait any time he pleases between each discharge. M. Arago went on to state, that the combinations of the mechanism were such as to

prevent accidental explosion. This invention is not new. Baron Heurteloup, more than two years ago, produced a fowling-piece and a musket on this principle, and, according to report, he has made such improvements that double the number of charges of M. Matthieu's gun may be fired in almost the same space of time.

**Antarctic Expedition.**—The *Guernsey Star* has published the following extract, from a letter dated in May last, from the Falkland Islands:—"Captain Ross and the Antarctic expedition are now here. The *Erebus* and *Terror* came in contact, on endeavoring to escape an iceberg, in the seas of the Southern Pole. The expedition will positively be here for five or six months, to repair the vessels and to make observations. Captain Ross has erected an observatory at the old French fort built by Bougainville. A more interesting series of observations is carrying on. Those upon the pendulum are noted every quarter of an hour. Astronomical observations are also carefully made by the officers. Thermometers are placed both above the ground and under it; mine, with my barometers, are now doing duty with the rest, and have the honour to be registered also. The anerometers, showing the direction and force of the winds, will add much to the valuable information afforded by Captain Sullivan, R.N., respecting these islands. Pluviometers are also carefully registered. A tide-gauge is by the jetty, and an excellent magnetic observatory, where the dip, intensity, and variation of the needle are carefully registered by able observers. The officers relieve each other in regular watches on these duties; and I never met with such devotees of science. You would be delighted to see Captain Ross's little hammock swinging close to his darling pendulum, and a large hole in the thin partition, that he may see it at any moment, and Captain Crozier's hammock is close alongside of it. The floor of this room is mother earth, from our want of timber. Captain Ross has been so kind, at my request, as to add to these observations another series, to ascertain the rate of evaporation in these islands; and Hooker, the botanist, is also so good as to draw up a report on the grasses, the prevailing gramma being considered as unknown in Europe. The splendid tussack grass is the gold and glory of these islands. It will, I hope, yet make the fortune of Orkney and Irish landholders of peat bogs. Every animal here feeds upon it with avidity, and fattens in a short time. It may be planted and cut like the guinea grass of the West Indies. The blades are about six feet long, and from 200 to 300 shoots spring from one plant. I have proved, by several experiments, that one man can cut 100 bundles in a day, and that a horse will greedily devour five of these in the same time. Indeed, so fond of it are both horses and cows, that they will eat the dry tussack thatch from the roofs of the houses in preference to good grass. About four inches of the root eats like the mountain cabbage. It loves a rank wet peat bog, with the sea spray over it. Indeed, when the sea beats with the greatest violence, and the sea spray is carried farthest, then the tussack grass thrives the best on the soil it loves. All the smaller islands here, though some of them are as large as Guernsey, are covered with tussack, which is nutritious all the year. The whole of the gentlemen in the expedition are delighted with the Falkland Islands, and express themselves as being more pleased with them than even with New Zealand. Some think them in every way better for colonization, even with the drawback of wanting timber trees. When the observations made during their voyage were published, you will be surprised at their favourable account of the climate. In addition to all these scientific observations, the surveying department is exploring and surveying different harbours, sites for different objects in a new settlement," &c.—[So little is known of the Falkland Islands, that our readers may not be sorry to be reminded, that about two years since (see No. 654,) Mr. Mackinnon, who had been officially engaged in their survey, as mate of H.M. cutter *Arrow*, published an account of them; and that in 1833 (No. 299-300) we published two letters containing much minute and interesting information, from an officer then serving on board the *Tyne*, which ship had been sent there expressly to resume possession on the part of the British Government. Our correspondent made mention of the particular grass referred to in the

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eaten by the animals on board the ship, and on the  
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Byron or Bougainville.]

*Sable Island*.—The Halifax papers last received, mention that the lofty sand-hills for which this island has always been remarkable, have been gradually decreasing, and after a severe gale lately were so far blown away, that there were discovered peeping out from beneath them houses, or rather huts, apparently constructed of the fragments of a ship. On examination, they were found to contain a number of articles of furniture and stores, put up in boxes, which were marked "43rd Regiment;" the boxes or cases were perfectly rotten, and would not admit of their being removed. A brass dog-collar was also discovered, with the name of "Major Elliot, 43rd Regiment," on it, and numerous bullets of lead, a great number of military shoes, parts of bales of blankets and cloths, brass points of sword scabbards, bees-wax, a small convex glass on both sides, a copper halfpenny of George II., dated 1749, some military brass buckles, a great number of brass paper pins, numerous bones (some whole and some broken), with the scalp of hair and head dress of a young male, and a piece of gold band. What melancholy reflections these facts awaken.

*A Roman Villa*.—The Ipswich papers mention that excavations have been lately made in a field on the Maldon road from Colchester, in Laxden parish, and the foundations of a building supposed to be a Roman villa have been laid bare: the extent is of such magnitude that it is questioned if the remains of any Roman villa in this kingdom are of equal extent. Three sides of a square have been discovered, with a double wall of considerable thickness, leaving a clear space between them of 14 feet. The measurement of the exterior wall in length is 285 feet, and of the inner 265. Numerous coins have been thrown up during the excavations.

*Steam Voyage through France to the Mediterranean*.—The following extract from a Leghorn letter appeared in the *Times*:—"Yesterday three steamers arrived here. They came from England, and made their voyage through France, for they first ascended the Seine, and then passed by the way of the canals into the Mediterranean. This is the first voyage of the kind that ever was made."—[The first steamboat voyage, no doubt, but according to Strabo it was the earliest navigable route from England to Marseilles. See ante, p. 343.]

*The Philo-Dramatic Society* of Berlin, known as "The *Urania*," recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation, by the representation of the same piece (a play of Kotzebue's) with which it opened its theatre that same day of half century ago—the part of the Old Man being played by the same person who filled it on that first occasion.

*Cheep Food for Horses*.—A proposition has been made to the French Minister of War by a M. Longchamp, to try a new method of feeding horses, which he asserts will produce a vast saving in the amount of forage necessary for the army. This gentleman proposes to make a sort of bread, three-fourth potatoes and the rest oatmeal, with which the horses are to be fed in place of oats. The average quantity of oats for a horse per day, M. Longchamp estimates to be 10 lb. costing about 13 sous. He proposes to replace this food by 10 lb. of the bread made with oats and potatoes, the price of which will be only 5 sous, leaving a saving of 8 sous a-day. As there are 80,000 horses in the army, a saving would arise on the whole of the cavalry, of 11,680,000 fr. a year. M. Longchamp considers this food to be more nutritious than the food generally given to horses, for a great portion of the oats taken by a horse is imperfectly masticated, and therefore the nutritive qualities are allowed to remain latent. Heat and moisture, he declares, are necessary to bring forth fully the qualities of the fecula of oats, and this can be procured most effectually by subjecting it to the heat of an oven, after having been moistened and well mixed up.

*The Artesian Well at Grenelle*.—At length the new tube has reached the surface, above which it is to rise to the height of thirty feet. For the last two months the water has, with a few exceptions, been perfectly limpid, and the heat remains constantly at 82° Fahr.

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- 20 Come and Sing; and the Chatter-box.
- 21 The Linnet.
- 22 The Harmonious Blackbird.
- 23 The Praise of Spring.
- 24 The Sluggard.
- 25 Kindness and Cleanliness; and Work away.
- 26 Time for Rest; and Good Night.
- 27 Sunrise.
- 28 Bells Ringing.
- 29 The Love of Truth; and For Aye and Want.
- 30 The Cow.
- 31 The Cricket Song.
- 32 Absent Friends; and When we go out together.
- 33 Fare around the Huge Oak; and Harvest Home.
- 34 March and lift up your Voices; and Idleness and Laziness.
- 35 The Ante-ry.
- 36 Lullaby; and the Hour is come of Twilight Grey.
- 37 The Stormy Winds.
- 38 Our Native Land.
- 39 The Labourer's Song.
- 40 Home; Home; Rejoice, Rejoice.
- 41 Britons, arise; and the Golden Rule.
- 42 Rule, Britannia.
- 43 The National Anthem; and Now let Notes of Joy ascending.
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- 64 Peru; and Condescension.
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- 69 Wight; and the Passing Bell.
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- 77 Refuge.
- 78 Shireburn; and Shireland.
- 79 Portsmouth; and Joyful.
- 80 Tucker's, or Leigh; and Repose.
- 81-82 Welcome; and a Man's a Man for a' that.
- 83-84 When the Rosy Morn appearing; and the Might with the Right.
- 85 God speed the Right.

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